

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 23, 1964

35 CENTS



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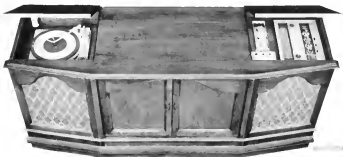
And you'll never spend a dime on anti-freeze; the engine is air-cooled. (Which also means a car's boil over next summer.)

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GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, except one issue a year and second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized on second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for foreign postage in each U.S. and Canadian subscription \$7.98 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Canada, E-1-E16; Mexico, M1-M12; Western, W1-W3; Southern, S1-S4; Florida, F1-F16; S1-S4.

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Next week

THE HIDDEN KEYS to effective defense in pro football are the tackles. Tex Maule nominates three for best—Ales Karas, Merlin Olsen, Henry Jordan—and explains their role.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY awards are presented by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to 25 football players of the class of 1940 who have had distinguished careers in the years since graduation.

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In the 10 years of this magazine's existence the number of American skiers has doubled, rising from 2 million to the 4 million now poised for this season's rush to the slopes. Few sports have grown so explosively, and few have attracted so many Mittys with soaring thoughts of intrepid deeds. In his daydreams, the novice skier swoops magnificently down such precipitous slopes as Nosedive at Stowe, Vt. and High Rustler at Alta, Utah. In reality, hesitations the hairier parts of trails just a little beyond his capacities and saves his flourishes for the easier sections.

But his dreams are not merely romantic nonsense. As noted in this issue (page 46), there are more good skiers today than was thought possible a decade ago. The old axiom that 90% of all skiers stop short of the expert's style of parallel skiing—and always will—no longer holds. This is true in no small part because techniques and teaching methods have improved beyond expectations.

We at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have been fascinated by the battle of conflicting theories for the knees, hips and shoulders of the recreational skier, and we have jumped into the fight from time to time. It was in 1957 that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED introduced a controversial new heresy from Austria as demonstrated by Willy Schaeffer, coach of Denver University's national ski champions. This system was promulgated by Austria's most influential skiing authority, Professor Stefan Kruckenhauser. It was called the shortsteering, and it included the now-famous "comma" position and the so-called reverse shoulder. The shortsteering skier in the traverse position pressed his knees sharply in toward the mountainside and twisted his upper body boldly downhill. This placed the body in an arc resembling a comma. Reverse shoulder meant that the skier, as he began a turn, twisted his uphill shoulder back in the direction opposite to that of the turn.

Many a winter's snow had melted since the birth of skiing's first turning technique, the Norwegian Telemark.

Then, in the '20s, came the Hannes Schneider Arlberg crouch and the turn called a stem, in which the tail of one ski was brushed out, or stemmed, to begin a turn. This method also included a forceful thrust with the uphill shoulder and, indeed, the entire upper body, in the direction of the turn. That move was known as rotation.

After Schneider came France's racing skier, Emile Allais, with a style in which the skis were kept together—parallel, as they say—and the Arlberg crouch was discarded for a more upright stance. Rotation was retained. Against Allais and the vogue he enjoyed, jealous Austria countered with a modified Arlberg system, with more emphasis on parallel and a taller stance. Still rotation endured.

American skiers were rather chaotically divided among old Arlberg, new Arlberg, Allaisian and a number of personal styles different from all three when Kruckenhauser punctuated the strife with his comma. Kruckenhauser met vigorous opposition to his concept of the reverse shoulder—also called counter-rotation—and that opposition is by no means dead. But in the battle of the teaching slopes, Kruckenhauser has won. The extremes of his bodily positions have been much modified, but in most of their essentials the Austrian's theories are the heart of today's so-called American system. This takes the student from the snowplow through the still-popular stem turns and on to parallel, in which the skis behave much as they did for Allais, but the upper body, with reverse shoulder, looks sharply different.

Some aspects of American parallel are illustrated in this issue, dedicated to the proposition that skiing Mittys are not as Mittysque as they might think. They may never make it down the new International racing trail at Vail (page 52) except supine on a ski patrolman's toboggan, but their prospects of learning to keep their skis together and skiing parallel on fairly challenging slopes are the best ever.



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Sports Illustrated*

... but you really need an open mind to recognize all the possibilities right on your own Christmas list.

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Or the pillar of the community (who can dream, can't he, even if he has no leisure time).

And the college students and servicemen (who can't get to the games themselves, but can share the excitement in SI's pictures and text).

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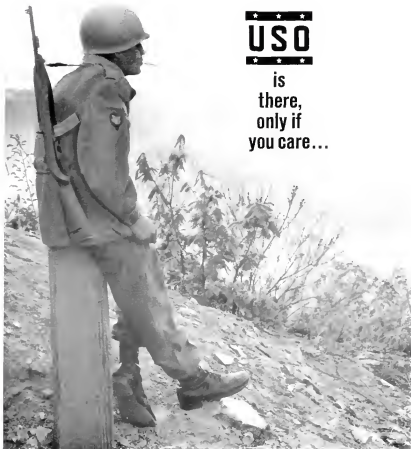
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* Just in case you've been wondering—Cleopatra was a billiards buff.





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SHOPWALK

New heel-release bindings are the most controversial ski gear since buckle boots

A skier, like the golfer in pursuit of a magic putting formula, is forever in search of a shiny piece of equipment to solve the problems of technique that lie between the man and the fullest enjoyment of his sport. This season, the shiniest cure-alls are new heel-release bindings, and they are being made by every important name in the ski-binding-manufacture field. In theory, the perfect binding would combine the stability of a racer's long thigh with the maximum safety available in a release binding. But no binding yet offers this combination perfectly. The new heel-release bindings should be measured by how close they come to these ideals: Are they too difficult to adjust? Do they clog with ice? Are they safer than front-throw cable release systems? Are they too bulky or too heavy for a recreational skier? Will they, for racers, replace long-throw turnables? The new heel releases are an extra expense in an already expensive sport; are they worth the investment? The



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four new designs illustrated on this and the following pages appear to be the best of the new releases, but in appraising them each skier will have to answer many of the foregoing questions for himself.

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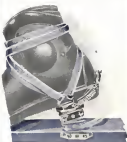
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MILLER RELEASEING THING

already a popular one in Europe. More than half the skiers competing in the world skiing trials (at speeds of more than 100 miles an hour) in Italy this summer wore this binding. Iselin has already placed the binding in more than 100 U.S. ski shops for this season. A pair, including toe-piece, heel release and safety strap, costs \$30.

Miller, the American manufacturer, has combined the support of a long-thong turntable with a heel-releasing device. In its MEX releasing thong, the entire turntable and long thongs pull free of the ski in forward or twisting spills. The device snaps onto two spring-controlled bearings on either side of

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the ski. The amount of tension required for release can be adjusted, according to the manufacturer, by a qualified ski shop. Miller makes its releasing thing for the expert skier or racer, and it was the only American binding worn at the Innsbruck Olympics. It costs \$28.50 with thing.

The engineers at the Look binding factory in France have modified their popular Look Nevada toe-piece and mounted it upon a swiveling turntable. The heel-release mechanism is called the Grand Prix. Although it is somewhat bulky, it is easy to step into and it does have the slope-tested mechanism of the Look Nevada toe-piece. The Grand Prix costs \$24.50.

Like Hood skis and Scott poles, the swiveling toe-piece by Marker represented a design breakthrough in ski equipment during



MARKER "SNAPLOCK"

the 1950s. For its solution to the heel release problem, Marker has put a spring coil release at the heel of an adjustable cable front-throw. Its "Snaplock" device is intended to be used in conjunction with its famous Simplex toe-piece or any other toe-piece. When stress is applied, as in a forward or a twisting fall, the coil simply flies apart. Once apart, though, the "Snaplock" is a bit awkward to put together on a ski slope, especially if the skier is a novice. It costs \$16.50 with cable release.

Regardless of what bindings a skier finally selects, however, it is absolutely essential to have them adjusted by the ski shop mechanic. In setting the proper amount of tension release, a skier's weight, strength and skiing experience must be considered. Release bindings for women and children must be especially well adjusted for proper release. Binding adjustments should be checked at the beginning of the season, after any hard siege of skiing and particularly after they have been shipped by air cargo.

—PAUL STEWART



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SCORECARD

BRAVE, YES; WISE, NO

There was every indication when this whole business began with Atlanta and the Milwaukee Braves that it would get worse, not better, and it has. Now that the enforced courtesies of court are over and Milwaukee has proved that hell hath no fury like a home town scorned, a new mood has taken shape. A move is on to snub the team next season. The Braves could have prevented it by behaving in big-league style, but they have not. Instead, Brave Executive Vice-President Thomas A. Reynolds Jr. asserted, "Even if we have to play in Milwaukee, our hearts will be in Atlanta." He also told a Georgia news rally, "If we were running in an election tomorrow against Adolf Hitler, we would lose up there." Mr. Reynolds seems to be full of snappy sayings. Unfortunately, this sort of statement will get him laughs in Atlanta and lumps in Milwaukee.

Small wonder, then, that a band of Milwaukeeans have incorporated an outfit whose purpose is to boycott the Braves in 1965. "We're not going to picket or do anything of that nature to keep fans from buying tickets in 1965," says Attorney Roger J. Karlas, but his tone clearly indicates that he expects picketing to be superfluous.

With the Atlanta contract signed for the 1966 season, the best thing the Braves could have done for 1965 was to take events in graceful stride. Perhaps there is still time, there is a long winter ahead. We prefer to think of winter followed by summer and the sharp, clean crack of bat against ball and the throaty roar of the crowds. Not the sharp, clean crackle of Reynolds eating those words in an empty grandstand.

LOSER WINN

Battling the Chicago Bears for last place in the National Football League's Western Conference, the San Francisco 49ers find themselves with curiously conflicting motivations as draft day, November 28, approaches. If New York does not hold on to last in the Eastern Conference, San Francisco will have not just the usual

first choice in the draft but, because of past trades, two first-round picks, another in the second round and two in the third. They could use them all.

"One of the sportswriters here was talking to me hopefully about losing them all to get that first pick," said Coach Jack Christiansen, "and he said, 'F' God's sake, Jack, don't blow that Bears' game.'"

New talent is indeed uppermost in the minds of the 49ers, and to spur their recruitment program they have produced a record entitled *Life with the 49ers, the Sound of Your Future*. It will be sent to all who may come into contact with their scouts. It is highlighted by the sound of the 49er plane on a road trip, the bells of St. Mary's (College, that is), where summer training starts, the clang of a cable car to show how much fun San Francisco is and, as a clincher, the voice of Tony Bennett himself continuing the search for the heart he left on a high and windy hill.

VIEWS OF A WOMAN DRIVER

The first woman ever to drive a car at more than 200 miles an hour is a pretty brunette, 29, a divorcee and mother of an 11-year-old boy. She is also uncompromisingly feminine. Like most of her sex she changes her mind, drastically and often.

Paula Murphy of Granada Hills, Calif. closed the Bonneville Salt Flats racing season last week by setting a new world land-speed record for women of 226.37 mph, driving Walt Arfons' jet-powered *Aveger*. A few days before, when someone suggested she drive a jet car, Paula would have none of it.

But after trying the *Aveger* for 100 yards, Paula announced she was ready for a "test run" and asked that the timers be prepared in case she decided to go for a record. They were and she did.

Afterward, she was asked what she thought of women drivers in general.

"They're lousy," she said. "How could they be otherwise? They're always driving with a car full of kids, dogs, cats. They can't concentrate."

Paula thinks next year she may go after the men's record.

"There's just one thing that bothers me about these jet cars," she said. "Once you open the throttle, you're committed. If you put it on power for 300, say, there's no changing your mind and putting it back to 275. You can't change your mind."

THE REFORMATION OF MERRY

If there be any among you who would like to sweeten the temper of a savage dog, consider the experience of Mrs. Constance White, London portrait painter, with Merry, a fawn-and-white bull terrier. Mrs. White found Merry sulking in a Sussex kennel, to which she had been confined after killing a pig. Mrs. White took her home.

For a year, Merry was "difficult, belligerent and terrifying," nastily rushing the front door, chasing geese across frozen ponds and harrying postmen, who prudently left the mail outside the garden gate.

But Mrs. White, who belongs to Britain's Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as well as the



League Against Cruel Sports, the Anti-Bullfight Society and Lady Dowding's Beauty Without Cruelty Committee (which believes women can be fetching without resort to furs or cosmetics containing animal fats), is also a vegetarian. She decided to take Merry off meat and put her on oatmeal porridge, milk, nuts, eggs, cabbage, carrots, cheese and, of course, Brussels sprouts.

Behold, now Merry won't even chase a cat. She would even like to be nice to postmen, but they don't believe her. In-

continued



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SCORECARD

sized of a bone, she likes nothing better than to munch on a banana. Fast time she was offered meat she turned away.

The postmen still leave the mail outside the garden gate, though. They eat meat and are very hard to train.

END OF A MAN

Fred Hutchinson's death hurt everyone who knew him, and not just those who knew him well. He was so much a man to admire that his death left a sharp sense of loss.

He had an abiding respect and affection for the craft of baseball, in which he had worked from the time he was an 18-year-old pitcher for the Seattle Rainiers until last October 19 when, because of cancer, he resigned as manager of the Cincinnati Reds.

When Hutch was there baseball had dignity, strength, integrity, taste—all so badly needed today as the once national game faces its greatest crisis. Perhaps those intent on smothering everything worthwhile in baseball might ponder the lasting impression—excellence of character—that Fred Hutchinson left behind.

Just one incident of many tells much about him. Early last season he told a sportswriter he planned to bench slumping Gordy Coleman in favor of Deron Johnson. The headline read: **COLEMAN GOES TO BENCH**. But came the next game and there was Coleman, not Johnson, on first base.

"The headline made me change my mind," said Hutch. "I can't humiliate a guy who tries as hard as Gordy."

GREAT GELDING

Gelding American Thoroughbreds is a very common procedure designed for the most part to keep equine minds on money rather than on love. The horses become easier to control and to train.

In 1957 Kelso, a son of Your Host out of Maid of Flight, a Count Fleet mare, was foaled at Mrs. Richard C. duPont's Woodstock Farm in Maryland. When he was a yearling, it was decided to geld Kelso, because Mrs. duPont's farm manager wanted to simplify the handling of his yearlings and to economize on paddock space by developing the colts as a group with the fillies.

During his two-year-old campaign Kelso raced three times, won once and was second to see, earning a mere \$3,380. Then he went on to higher and higher achievements until he surpassed Round

Continued



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Table's alltime money-winning record and became Horse of the Year for an unprecedented four times. Now he has just climaxed his career by at last taking the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel. This feat, after three previous attempts in which he finished second, brought his lifetime earnings to \$1,893,362 and should make Kelso Horse of the Year for a fifth term.

There has been speculation (\$1, Nov. 11, 1963) that the decision to geld Kelso may have cost Mrs. duPont close to a million dollars in stud fees. But further reflection and calculation indicate that she actually may have made money by the surgery. Stallions are rarely kept in training for seven years and Kelso's stud fee would not have been spectacular since his breeding is not top drawer. If Kelso could have gotten 30 mares at \$5,000 each for three years, he would have made Mrs. duPont a mere \$450,000 by the end of 1964.

REVENGOERS AT SEA

Immediately after the recent increase in registration fees imposed on powerboats by the state of Florida, 96,740 vessels disappeared from the surface—or at any rate from the tax rolls. Last year more than 216,000 such boats were registered. With the new tax, they dwindled to fewer than 120,000.

Not that there really are fewer boats in Florida waters. The tax applies to craft of 10 or more horsepower. Some owners are now mounting two 9.5-hp motors, explaining with a straight face that the extra one is a spare. Others have registered their boats as commercial fishing vessels, for which the fee is only \$1.50, compared to \$10 or more for pleasure powerboats.

ONE FOR OR. RHINE

The Indiana Collegiate Conference is a league of seven small Hoosier schools, and it has just ended its league football season. The result: five teams (Butler, Ball State, Evansville, Indiana State and Valparaiso) tied for first place with 4-2 records; DePauw followed with a 1-5 record; and St. Joseph's ended smugly with an 0-6.

It was a finish that might well confound a Las Vegas oddsmaker. Associate Professor Charles Johnson of DePauw's mathematics department calculated that, eliminating the possibility of tie games, there are 756 ways in which five teams

continued

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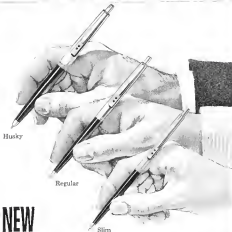
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SCORECARD

could tie in a seven-team league. With 21 conference games to be won or lost by the teams during a season, the chances of a five-way tie would occur 36 times every 100,000 seasons, or once every 2,777 years. The conference doesn't have to worry about another until 4741 A.D.

TIME IT WITH A METRONOME

Now that the Olympics and the Paralympics are over there is time to consider the proposal of Harold C. Schonberg, *New York Times* music critic, for a "musical Olympiad."

When he is not listening to Bach, Mr. Schonberg is an occasional student of *The Guinness* (he spells it Guinness) *Book of Records*, in which he found that on May 1, 1955 Heinz Arntz "played the piano non-stop, except for refreshment intervals, for 423 hours (17 days, 15 hours)." He suggests that piano-playing endurance events be part of the musical Olympiad.

He would have an event for speed, too. Despite its name, Chopin's *Mazurek*, he notes, "takes well over 90 seconds to play." He would find out if anyone can really play it in a minute, without cheating, which would mean "clear articulation and no pedal, from a sitting start."

Another event would determine the world's championship at holding high C, in which Birgit Nilsson and Franco Corelli probably would be favorites. For conductors, there would be competitions in baton hurling, invective and score bluffing.

Who says a good music critic has to be dull?

THEY SAID IT

- **L**ieut. Billy Mills, Olympic 10,000-meter winner, asked at what stage he decided to stay up with the leaders in the race: "Last February, when I made up my mind to try out for the U.S. team."
- **C**huck Burr, Buffalo Bills publicist, after his team won its ninth straight game: "Once we were winning losers, but now we're arrogant winners."
- **C**lint Courtney, ex-Oracle, admitting he is not the man he was when he earned the nickname Scrap Iron: "There's just the scraps left now; not much iron."
- **B**ert Huffman, Texas Tech freshman coach, on the uncertainties of freshman football: "Games often are decided not by who's best but who centered the ball farthest over whose head."

END



Only 31 more sipping days till Christmas



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NOTRE DAME IN

Should their teams continue undefeated—and each is but a game away from a perfect 10-0 season—both the University of Arkansas and the University of Nebraska might normally claim the distinction of being No. 1, the best college football team in the U.S. In one respect this is a happy situation, since the two will settle which is better in the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day. But this has never been a normal season, and two other undefeated teams have even stronger claims to No. 1: Notre Dame and Alabama. Each has played

a more demanding schedule than Arkansas or Nebraska and each has won in more convincing fashion. Unhappily, however, they will not meet. Alabama will play Texas, last year's champion but now a once-beaten (14-13 by Arkansas) team, in the Orange Bowl. Notre Dame will go nowhere but home for Christmas.

In the absence of a true championship game, the opinions of the few who have seen both Notre Dame and Alabama—as well as Arkansas, Nebraska and Texas—carry extra weight. Our football staff has seen

Notre Dame's Nick Eddy (47) churns off tackle for short yardage in



A TUSSLE AT THE TOP

them all—and without hesitation we like Notre Dame.

For eight weeks the surprise team of 1964 has played like a champion, averaging 30 points a game, giving up less than a touchdown, awakening the echoes that seldom slumber deeply in South Bend. Ara Parveghian's explosive offense, led by Quarterback John Huarte and End Jack Snow, has gained more than 400 yards a Saturday—the nation's second best—and in rushing defense the Irish rank ahead of all other college teams. Last Saturday, in what was supposed to be their se-

verest test, they crushed a strong Michigan State 34-7.

We have been impressed by Alabama, too, just as we are always impressed by Paul Bryant's teams, and last week's victory over Georgia Tech (next page) was brilliant in its spirit and execution. Alabama is light but aggressive, and three times the Tide has proved its character by coming from behind to win. This is an awfully good team, perhaps a great team, but it would not beat Notre Dame.

The fighting Irish deserve their ranking as No. 1.

Last Saturday's 34-7 win over Michigan State. Only a sophomore, Eddy adds speed and elusiveness to the nation's best-balanced attack.



CONTINUED

'BAMA'S BIG, BOLD BID IN THE WEEK THAT WAS

Confident but taking nothing for granted, Bear Bryant's *Crimson Tide* worked Monday to Saturday for the win over Georgia Tech that made it second only to Notre Dame. Here is Alabama's week **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

MONDAY The week had begun with two rumors for a Tuscaloosan to rub together, neither of them having to do directly with the business at hand: 1) that Alabama already has accepted an invitation to play in the Orange Bowl; 2) that Paul Bryant will retire when the season ends. The latter is a rumor recurrent. It persists in hurdling the facts that Bryant is only 51 years old and loves his work almost as much as *Alabamians* love him. Mary Harmon Bryant, the coach's wife, a pretty, perceptive woman who shows a lovely set of white teeth for rumor mongers and other people who speak unkindly of her "Papa," believes unalterably that a rumor of that ilk "just naturally gets started at recurrent" time by those old Auburn people."

Paul Bryant is a hummer. That is, he hums a lot, and usually his humming material runs to Sunday-school inspirational like *Jesus Loves Me* and, at more serious moments, *Love Lifted Me*. His players and assistants say that when his humming is loudest Bear Bryant seems to love them least. But Bryant is not humming today. Quarterback Joe Namath can fuss, all right, but only straight on. His injured knee has not regained the mobility needed "to turn and twist and carry on like he usually does." There is healing, too, to be done on End Tommy Tolleson, Tackle Jim Simmons, Guard Wayne Freeman, Halfback Ray Ogden. So Bryant is lenient. He has, in fact, been more lenient than ever this year, with regular water breaks and see breaks to reduce practice attrition and prove "I am getting old and mellow." The Monday night workout is mild; no contact, no pads, only the characteristic Alabama precision and intensity of purpose. It is to be that way the rest of the week.

TUESDAY Strong feeding against Tech courses hotly through Alabama veins for any of a number of reasons having to do with (choose one): the termination of the series (Tech dropped Alabama from its schedule after one of its players was mauled), Tech Coach Bobby Dodd, the Atlanta newspapers, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the fans in Grant

Field, Bryant's veins are no exception.

Privately, over a platter of raw oysters at Art's Char House on University Avenue, he will say that the Auburn game is the one he would rather win, "because we got to live with those people." But as an aperitif, he will tell of his resentment of Tech, so you cannot be entirely sure. For all the obvious pressure, however, he will not revert to his sleeping pills until Thursday. It used to be Mary Harmon Bryant could cure his insomnia with a bottle of sugar pills from a phony prescription, but he now solves his sleeping problems with the real stuff. "I don't have to take pills," draws the Bear, "except when I want to sleep."

The older, father, slightly mellowed Papa Bear Bryant says this Alabama team is closer to his heart than any other, because it is young (possibly younger than any other in terms of usable players) and unafraid and wins games—with heroic rallies. He says this is the finest offensive team he has had at Alabama. "Defensively we don't play too well," he says. Alabama is No. 6 in the nation in total defense, it is accustomed to being No. 1. There is, too, a certain whimsy in the team's makeup that perhaps makes it dearer to Bryant. (The 1961 national championship team was notably grim.) Namath is partly responsible. When a tackler in the Vanderbilt game jeered at him, "Hey No. 12, what's your name?" Namath replied, "You'll see it in the headlines tomorrow." On the next play Namath threw a touchdown pass. Today he twice hopped into the same backfield with Steve Sloan, the junior who has been starting ahead of him during his convalescence. Someone detected it and charged Bryant with deploying two quarterbacks to surprise Tech. "Shoot, no. Not us," said Bryant. "We tried that at Tech in 1962 with Namath and Jack Hurlbut and got beat. Never again. Old Joe was just hoisting around."

WEDNESDAY A meeting of an Alabama football team always begins on time, is crisp and swift and, since it starts with a talk by Bear Bryant, is completely absorbing. Bryant has a low, resonant

voice; it is true that he tends to mumble, but this serves to intensify his effect. He began the regular Wednesday-night meeting by getting right to the point and staying there. The talk was short, less than 10 minutes. He never raised his voice. He said he had been playing and coaching against Tech for 25 years, "before you were born." He said he knew this: "Tech hits hard, but they don't hit hard all the time. They play tough, but they don't play tough all the time, because they don't live tough like we do." He said that "stuff about Dodd-Luck and Tech-Luck at Grant Field" was corn for the gullible to feed on, and that beating Tech live out of six ought to be proof enough. "You make your own luck, even at Grant Field," he said, "but let me tell you this. That will be the most hostile crowd you've ever seen. Two years ago they threw everything at us from ice to bourbon bottles. I don't mean to insinuate they're not good folks, they probably have good mamas and papas, too. But I think some of them have forgot their training." He said that helmets would therefore be worn on the bench and that he might wear one himself (laughter).

At dinner with friends at the Indian Hills Country Club, he was told that Tech did not really look too good this year. "That's true. They haven't been very good, but they could be, and they should be with the talent they've got." He said that, as a man who took winning seriously, he did indeed resent the "volleyball," laugh-a-day, approach to the game. "In a way, maybe it's good for us the series is ending," Bryant said, "because, with the two-rotation back, Tech would beat us four out of five times. Tech does a helluva recruiting job. When you've got better material you don't have to live tough to play two-rotation. When it's 11 men and six 'em, it's a different matter."

THURSDAY The game plan is completed and gone over on the field for the last time. It is a guessing game. Alabama guesses that Tech will throw frequently into the flats coming off a long

motion and flooding a zone with three receivers. "I don't think Tech thinks they can run on us," says Assistant Coach Duke Hennessey. For Tech, Alabama has made one predictable change: Bryant will start both fullbacks, Steve Bowman and Leslie Kelley, his leading ground-gainers, since there is no outside speed available to him anyway. And he will make one change that he hopes will not be foreseen by Tech: Wayne Cook, who normally plays tight end to Tolleson's split end, will also split out seven yards to the weak side, and Alabama will do a little zone flooding of its own, expecting Namath or Sloan to catch Tech defending too often in a one-

on-one situation. The feeling is that the left side of Tech's secondary is vulnerable. Furthermore, Bryant figures he can beat the Tech defense principally because it does not care much for tackling.

A pep rally drew the largest crowd of the year to the gymnasium. They came with garbage-can covers (for hanging), shouting, "Steve Sloan for president" and cautioning visitors to be sure and stand when they played the national anthem. *Dave*, Hennessey called Bryant "the greatest man I know." He spoke of "mammas and papas" and got some welcome hissing when he mentioned Grant Field. "Let's hear it!" shouted Duke. "Hiss!" answered the crowd. Then

some of the players spoke, and Namath got a turn. "Two years ago," he said, after a long wait for the applause to ebb, "we went to Atlanta. We had won eight straight and were No. 1 in the country. We lost. This year we're 8 and 0, and we're No. 2. Saturday we're going to win in Atlanta, and we're going to come back to the No. 1 university in the country." A player who was there said that Joe's speech positively sent shivers up his spine.

FRIDAY The Alabama Athletic Dormitory, the house that Bear built, is a \$680,000 piece of emphasis that is indisputably a campus beauty mark. It houses 130

continued

Endangered Steve Sloan, outstanding all year as a replacement for injured Quarterback Joe Namath, had a hard day against the Tech defense





Bear Bryant's youngest—and strongest—team hoists its leader aloft as the Orange Tide leaves Atlanta's Grant Field for the last time.

AT THE TOP *continued*

boys, has a lavish decor, guest rooms for visiting mammas and papas, a color television set in a room that appears to be wallpapered in stocks and bonds, and the only reason it does not have a swimming pool is that some people think you can overdo a thing like this. This is home for, among others, Gaylon McCollough, a 21-year-old, 6-foot 3-inch, 204-pound senior center from Enterprise, Ala. McCollough has a prominent jaw, a high-B average and is planning to enter medical school next fall. After breakfast he sat in his Italian provincial dining-room chair and told a visitor what it was like to play football for Bear Bryant.

"In the spring, and then in the early fall, when it's two-a-day and dog-eat-dog, you don't think you'll ever make it. You lie in your bed at night and you think, oh Lord, if I could only quit, if I could only get a day off. Every play is full out, and every workout is like a war. You go into every play like it was your last, you come back to the huddle keyed up for another. Then all of a sudden it's over, and the season's on, and it's easier. And now here we are with two games to go and a chance to go to another bowl game and win the national championship, and you know it's not every man gets this kind of chance."

Two twin-engine Southern Airlines

planes were needed to get the team to Atlanta, because four-engine planes or jets cannot fly in or out of Tuscaloosa. Mrs. Bryant, who makes all the team's trips, rode in one and her husband in the other, as is their custom. This time she had to ask a rider politely to relinquish the seat nearest the front on the right side because she had been sitting there all year and the Bryants are very superstitious folk. She showed the lucky Alabama brooch Paul bought her their first year there, and said that Paul would be wearing his lucky red-and-white tie. "Paul had a blue vest he wore for 26 games before the 1962 Tech game," she said. "He forgot it that year. He had to borrow one. We lost."

THE GAME It could not have happened to a nicer day. The temperature was 75°, the sun was everywhere, splashing into the corners and behind the posts of Grant Field, and so were the people everywhere, 53,000 strong. An Alabama fan, quick to notice such things, pointed out that the Tech program cover, a cartoon of a yellow jacket enjoying some sport at a red elephant's expense, had billed the contest as "today's rubber game." It was true Tech had won in 1962, he said, and Alabama in 1963, but what about 1961, 1960, 1959 and 1958?

The scoreboard also had some accounting to do. It showed, beforehand, 90 for Georgia Tech, 0 for Alabama. "We work down from there," explained a Tech man, "and Alabama works up."

When Bryant brought his team out early to be greeted by the initial staff volley of "go to hell, Alabama, go to hell" from the Tech cheering section, he smiled and put on a red Alabama helmet. Later he replaced it with his shapeless brown hat and stood chatting and smiling under the south goalpost with Bobby Dodd. Dodd rested his hand on the Bear's shoulder. The Bear was wearing a red-and-white-striped tie.

Howard Schnellenberger, an Alabama assistant, had said that "if Tech were smart, they'd ram it right to us. But they're not smart." In the early stages, when both teams were working out their doubts, Tech did have moments of looking smart, running counters and reverse traps inside Alabama's ends, getting satisfying bolts of yardage, especially when Halfback Johnny Gresham, the best runner on the field, countered off Alabama's right side. But each time Tech appeared ready for some real fun Quarterback Bruce Fischer would try a pitch-out or a rollout, and would experience immediate and disturbing failure and a loss of momentum.

Alabama had field position throughout the first half. Sloan was at quarterback, to be used only when Bryant thought his presence on the field was absolutely necessary. Sloan split his time and for the first time midway in the opening quarter, and as Tech frantically tried to cover the crowd on the side, he laid the ball into Cook's hands. Cook dropped the pass, but the missed play was almost as good as a completion—Tech was exposed. Sloan came back to the swing man with a pass for 14 yards, then threw again to Cook for 19 to the Tech 21-yard line. Continuing with the new formation, he sent Kelley on a power slam for a first down at the 11, but Tech held this time.

The game marked time late into the second quarter, with the tension holding. Then, with less than two minutes to half time and Alabama nesting on the Tech 49, Bryant called for Namath, of whom he has said, "I believe Joe can do just about anything." At first Joe did nothing, and looked bad doing it. On a straight drop-back pattern, he hesitated too long and his pass was tipped away by a Tech lineman. On second down, he pumped twice trying a comeback pass to flanker Back Ray Ogden on the right sideline. It was short, and a good thing,

too, because Tech's Gerry Bussell, tight on Ogden's shoulder, almost got to the ball. If he had, the chances are he would have gone unmolested to the Alabama goal. But, in almost being a hero, Bussell had tipped himself off.

The next play was sent in from the bench, but Namath had already called it. Back to Russell's side, this time to Dave Ray, inserted at flanker in Ogden's place. Ray cut in front of Bussell toward the sideline, faked up, then curled back as if for the same come-back pass to the outside. Bussell careened in, too close. Ray pivoted up field, quickly leaving Bussell three steps behind. Namath spiraled the ball into his hands on the dead run, and Bussell didn't catch him until Ray was on the Tech one-yard line. On the next play, Bowman scored.

Tech had barely seen the smoke from the first shot when it was suddenly hit with two more. First, End Creed Gilmer recovered Ray's twisting inside kick at the Tech 49. Then Namath hustled back in, passed on first down to Ogden on the right side. This time Ogden had curled in after making his fake, then slanted down the middle and was to the Tech three before he was caught. Two plays later, Namath rolled left and passed to Ray coming left to right in the end zone. The Tide had its second touchdown only a

minute and a half after Namath's presence had been deemed absolutely necessary. The effect was devastating and finishing.

In the second half Ray kicked a field goal to become the all-time collegiate kicking champion with 58 points. Alabama scored another touchdown and Tech beat the clock with a touchdown of its own in the last minute to escape a shutout. Alabama won 24-7—its 24th victory in the series. Tech has won 19. In analysis, Tech apparently did not exploit a superiority of manpower inside the ends, perhaps because it never believed fully that a superiority existed. There was no great inequality of players, despite the protestations of both coaches, except for the 1½ minutes when Alabama had Namath on the field. During those few moments the defensive backs were bound to feel unequal.

The game was played without incident. With a fraternal postgame pat on the back, Coach Dodd was as gracious as could be. "It's no disgrace," he told Bryant, "to lose to the best team in the country." "I did not think Tech would score," said Bryant. The suspense was gone by the second half, but it had been a good football game between two good teams. One's only regret was that it was the last time the two would meet. **END**

A cordon of Bama cheerleaders, exultant as victory nears, lead a yell celebrating their team's sixth defeat of Georgia Tech in last seven years.



A TRIUMPH FOR NONCONFORMISTS

The Garden State, which gives hints about next year's Derby hopefuls, was won by Sadair, an unimpressively bred colt trained by a former pro football lineman and owned by a lady who dislikes racing **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Before last Saturday's 12th running of the \$301,700 Garden State—that mile-and-a-sixteenth New Jersey romp which is supposed both to decide the annual 2-year-old championship and to stir some winter thoughts about the following spring's Kentucky Derby—knowing horsemen appraised the current generation with fearless confidence. Almost unanimously, it was Bold Lad in front and the rest of the young crop nowhere.

That was easy to say before The Garden State because Bold Lad, winner of eight of his 10 starts and \$387,471, had been withdrawn from competition for the remainder of the season in order to freshen up for a winter campaign in Florida en route to the Kentucky Derby. After The Garden State, horsemen still felt much the same way, but now they had two new topics to liven their fireside conversations: a hard-driving colt named Sadair and his breezy owner, Mrs. Mary B. Hecht.



The owner of Sadair, Mrs. Mary B. Hecht, would rather receive a check than a trophy.

Sadair won The Garden State by simply running away from nine decently representative opponents in the track-record time of 1:41. Jockey Manuel Ycaza took him over the finish line 10 lengths ahead, a margin that left not a few in the crowd of 42,024 echoing Trainer Les Lear's own sentiments: "When Sadair is right—which he is just now—we'd love to meet Bold Lad at this distance." The key phrase, which often goes unnoticed in such moments of enthusiasm, is "at this distance." The important races for 3-year-olds, next year or any year, are not at a mile and a sixteenth. They are longer, and no horseman has yet proved himself infallible in answering the old puzzler of which 2-year-olds can or cannot extend their winning ways as the distances keep getting longer and longer.

Certainly Sadair proved himself to be a fleet colt last Saturday, and his convincing win earned him runner-up honors to Bold Lad in the competition for best 2-year-old, and nearly as much money, too. In accounting for his seventh win in 11 starts (including the \$349,925 Arlington-Washington Futurity) Sadair raised his season's take to \$387,304, which is only \$167 less than Mrs. Henry C. Phipps has won with Bold Lad.

At the start of The Garden State it was the California speedster Hemen who set the pace, followed by Time Tested and then Beaujoy, while Ycaza rated Sadair perfectly in the fourth spot. When the fast leaders showed signs of tiring as they went into the far turn Sadair, in Trainer Lear's words, "broke their backs" with a rush that sent him to the front for good. "At the seven-eighths pole I knew I had the winner," said Ycaza, "and if he keeps improving and stays sound he'll be quite a horse. Maybe not ever as good as Bold Lad, but still very, very good."

None of the Garden State losers had an excuse. Jockey Bill Hartack might have been speaking for several of them,

including his own mount, second-place Royal Gunner, when he said, "When he gets more mature and race-wise he'll be better." This applies to third-place Hail to All, who came from last to take show money, and possibly to Eurasian, who toiled along in third place into the stretch, then found himself outrun. Eurasian is very big—more than 17 hands—and still green, but he is not to be counted out for next year's Derby. For one thing, he is by Swaps and, for another, he is trained for George Widener by the highly respected master, Bert Mulholland. The light-and-dark-blue Widener silks usually pop into prominence around Belmont Stakes time and at the Travers in Saratoga's August meeting. "I'm not much of a Derby man," Widener said at Garden State, "but I've always said that if I felt I had a horse that was one of the two or three best I'd have no objection to nominating him. With Eurasian, who will go to Florida, we'll just have to wait and see."

There never has been any doubt as to where the owners and trainers of the other good American 2-year-olds would like to wind up. Be it winter racing in Florida, California or New Orleans, or winter training in Florida, Kentucky or the Carolinas, the objective is Churchill Downs on the first Saturday in May. Les Lear, talking to the press after Sadair's victory, summed it up pretty neatly when he noted with some feeling, "I guess any man would like to walk in there with a good horse. I've never had a Derby horse or, in fact, any horse like this before."

Likely to be walking into Louisville with a light step are the camps of Bold Lad and Sadair, and they have about as much in common as Notre Dame and Slippery Rock State Teachers. Bold Lad has Wheatley Stable, the on-the-go Phipps family and Trainer Bill Winfrey of Native Dancer fame. The colt is a son of Bold Ruler, the most successful sire since Bull Lea. In short, Bold Lad is royally bred, socially owned and pro-

professionally trained to be a champion racehorse.

And who is Sadair? Well, for one thing, he is Florida-bred by Jack Dudley and Bonnie Heath, who once won the Kentucky Derby with their exasperating stretch-runner Needles. But being bred in Ocala is not such a bad thing these days (unless you happen to be listening to Kentucky brooders). Carry Back made it to the big time for them, and so did Roman Brother—and so will a lot more in the years ahead.

Sadair's owner, Mary Hecht, of Miami Beach and High Falls, N.Y., has two main hobbies. One of them is collecting antique automobiles (her favorites are Pierce-Arrows). The other is having a good time at parties—or even when there is no party. And she is no great booster of racing. If she were a man and her name came up for membership in The Jockey Club, the odds are she would be blackballed—and delighted. "Why, I don't even like racing," she said the night before The Garden State. "My brother told me I should have a horse, so I went out and bought one." What she actually did was give \$10,000 to Trainer Les Lear and send him off to the sales at Hialeah. He came home with Sadair, and if this sounds strange to racing people who have never heard of Les Lear, think of how strange it must sound to buddies of his

who knew him in the '40s when he was a formidable guard with the old Cleveland Rams, the Los Angeles Rams and the Detroit Lions.

"It's not really so strange," says Lear. "I was born on a farm in Grafton, N. Dak. and grew up with horses. Had 'em around all the time, rode 'em and loved 'em." Lear played his college football at the University of North Dakota, and after his stint in the National Football League he became a player-coach for the Calgary Stampeder.

"After a few years up there," says the old guard, who is now 47 and weighs 267 pounds, "I guess they got wise to me and fired me, so I went back to full-time horse training. I've had a license for 16 years."

Mrs. Hecht, unlike such smile-smooth winners as Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Richard duPont, looks upon Sadair's Garden State success as something less than the big moment of her racing life. Was this your greatest thrill? she was asked. "Hell, no, I liked winning the Saratoga Special," she told Garden State representatives. "That was winner take all. Why isn't this race the same?"

Looking about as the huge Garden State crowd applauded her horse and Jockey Yeaza, Mrs. Hecht said, "We came here in the spring and got such lousy treatment I never wanted to come

back." She looked aimlessly at the track officials loading the Sadair contingent with prize loot, and added, "The only reason we came back this time was for the check [\$181,020]. Where is it, anyway?"

Mrs. Hecht will get her check, all right, and Sadair will gather many a friend and buckner between now and the 1965 Kentucky Derby. In the months before the big day in Louisville her horse and a lot of other colts will be put to severe tests. Most of them will show, under trying conditions, that a useful, winning 2-year-old does not always make a classic 3-year-old. Bold Lad will discover whether he is to be the first son of Bold Ruler to head his division at a mile and a quarter. Sadair will find out if it helps to be the son of a South American sire named Petare who was his first race at Hialeah just four days after flying in from Caracas, then never won much of anything. A son of Robot named Tom Rolfe is one that is worth watching, as are two Greentree colts named Groton and New Act and Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Bosun, an unlucky colt who was forced to drop out of The Garden State when he came up with a slight stomach disorder.

But, as the chart below indicates, the early Derby favorite is Bold Lad, and then Sadair. For the time being, the rest are way up the track.

AN UNOFFICIAL WINTER BOOK ON THE 1965 KENTUCKY DERBY

Nominations for the 113th Derby won't close until next Feb. 15, when the names of some 125 or more of the current 2-year-olds will be filed at Churchill Downs. Based on 1964 form and projected winter and spring performances, here are Sports Illustrated's estimates of the odds on the 38 leading candidates for America's most famous race.

ODDS	HORSE	BREEDING	OWNER	ODDS	HORSE	BREEDING	OWNER
7 to 1	BOLD LAD	Bold Ruler-Misty Moon	Wheatley Stable	30 to 1	GALLANT LAD	Gallant Man-Growing Up	C. T. Chesney
5 to 1	SADAIR	Petare-Blue Mossy	Mary Hecht	30 to 1	DIAMARA	Ballymore-Track Medal	Greentree Stable
8 to 1	TOM ROLFE	Ribel Pockshartas	Raymond Guest	30 to 1	RAINESSES	Swags-Baroque Bell	John Galbreath
10 to 1	BOSUN	Sailor Rosaysa	Montpelier Stable	30 to 1	SPARKLING JOHNNY	Misty Flight-Sparkle	Harbor View Farm
12 to 1	GROTON	Nashua-Rogator	Greentree Stable	20 to 1	SELARI	Prince John Golden Sarr	Valley Farm
12 to 1	ROYAL GUNNER	Royal Charger-Levee	Michael Ford	40 to 1	HEMPEN	Indian Hemp Serry	Jacobs Stable
15 to 1	NATIVE CHARGER	Native Dancer-Greek Blood	Warner Stable	40 to 1	FLIPAWAY	Venetian Way-Royal Hestern	Shelly Bee Stable
15 to 1	SWIFT RULER	Sir Ruler-Juan Town	Earl Allen	40 to 1	LOOM	Swain's Sea Ostraff	Hugh Grant
15 to 1	NEW ACT	Tom Fool-What's New	Greentree Stable	40 to 1	TO THE POINT	Sword Cancer-Miss Stopes	Winlockan Stable
20 to 1	EURASIAN	Swags-Marehki	George Widener	40 to 1	RULLAN THUMB	Fleet Masruthal-Bearug	Elwood Johnson
20 to 1	TIME TESTED	Better Self-Past Eight	Ogden M. Phipps	40 to 1	SPECIAL BUDGET	Khaled-Hetepyspooner	Res. Elsworth
20 to 1	HAIL TO ALL	Hail To Reason Ellen's Best	Mrs. Ben Cohen	40 to 1	WAZA CURS	Our Joy-Waza Bird	C. C. Boshartner
20 to 1	UMBRELLA FELLA	Degea Vial	Michael Ford	50 to 1	BEAUPY	Beau's Girl-Golpy	Hobson Farm
20 to 1	I'M NASHVILLE	Nashville I'm Gonna Tell	Harbor View Farm	50 to 1	WINTER JOY	Our Joy-Snowy	A. F. Tometta
20 to 1	BROOKLYN BRIDGE	Swags-Coroner	Templeton Stables	50 to 1	TESTED	Quabu Teaching	Fred Hooper
30 to 1	TERRY'S SECRET	Terragat-Secret Session	Lawrence Pollock	50 to 1	TRAGEDWOOD	Swags-Rosewood	Calamit Farm
30 to 1	CORNISH PRINCE	Bold Ruler-Teleasa	George D. Widener	50 to 1	GEORGE RAFT	Native Cancer-Say Blue	Daniel Shaer
30 to 1	PHILATELY	Princetulle-Two Cent Stamp	Michael H. Silver	100 to 1	LOUIS ARNOLD	Rockcastle-Baby Swan	Loa Pien

THE \$400,000 BELLYACHE



The moment Cassius Clay got sick the red ink began to flow. Now his fight with Sonny Liston is six months away by **HUSTON HORN**

In the shadowy green gloom of Recovery Room 7-E in Boston's 100-year-old City Hospital, yellowish fluids dripped into and out of tubes connected to the large supine body of Cassius Clay. What little morning light penetrated the frosted glass windows was turned back by dense, drawn shades, and the morose atmosphere was deepened more by the circle of hangdog men that stood, heads bent forward, in mournful silence. But Clay, whose self-possession is a formidable thing, was not undone by the singular misfortune that had befallen him. He had undergone major surgery and his heavyweight title fight with Sonny Liston had been called off, but he bade his sorrowing friends cheer up. "They finally got to the lip," he said, waving his right hand limply. "but it's only for a little while, I'll come out of this at a hard 200 pounds, ready to go again."

Clay had been ready to go 16 hours earlier when that same body had been stretched out on the pink chenille counterpane of his bed in room 611 of the Sherry Biltmore Hotel. It was Friday the 13th and he had broken a glass in the bathroom ("Does that mean something?" he had wondered), but the day—five miles of roadwork and rest—had gone well. And, although it was a day of fasting for other members of his Black Muslim movement, Clay, by dispensation, had just finished a boxer's hefty supper of steak, potatoes and greens. Now, taking his digestive ease, he was watching a rented movie on a rented projector. With no warning, nausea welled in his throat and he just reached his bathroom before he was sick. "Oh, something is awful wrong," he said anxiously to his brother, Rudolph Clay. "You better do something."

Rudolph, whose instincts run in anti-social channels, and who must have considered the hundreds of reporters in town, said, "I'll call a doctor up here so the press won't find out." "Damn the press!" said Cassius Clay through clenched teeth. "Get me to a hospital, man. I am real sick."

Clay was sick indeed. A loop of his intestines had suddenly popped through the wall of muscles lining his abdomen

and had descended, inside the hernial sac, into his scrotum. The pinched loop, raising a painful lump the size of a peach on his right groin and causing him to vomit, had also become trapped—an incarcerated inguinal hernia, it is called—and immediate surgery was imperative. As soon as brother Rudolph had collected himself and given up the idea of avoiding publicity, he called the Boston police who arrived within moments at a rear door of Clay's hotel. Then, because Cassius is too valuable a property to entrust to mere police officers, Rudolph and a Muslim chieftain named Samuel Saxon (and affectionately known, behind his back, as Cap'n Sam) personally bore Clay's stretcher along 310 feet of angulating corridor and loaded him onto a dented service elevator. On the ground floor, Clay, twisting in pain and his face covered by a white towel in Rudy's last vain try for anonymity, was carried past the hotel laundry and out into the night. The Boston police department's no-nonsense ambulance, which looks like a cross between a grocery truck and an armored car, was nevertheless met at the hospital emergency entrance by a *Boston Herald* photographer, but he was so intimidated by Clay's Muslim bodyguards that he took no pictures.

Because the emergency coincided with the cocktail hour—the police recorded Rudy's call at 6:56 and Cassius reached the hospital at 7:15—the news spread around the world faster than around the city of Boston. Scores of reporters, for instance, were amending from the tensions of the day in the bar of the fight's press headquarters or had gone to dinner—completely ignorant of the news that was breaking and completely unaware that their home offices, having read a 7:37 p.m. Associated Press bulletin, were desperately trying to find them. One Englishman, unwound to the point of reeling, was so befuddled by the time he got the word that his friends were obliged to wage his story for him. Another man, just back from the Olympics, became so excited he jammed a pay phone with Japanese coins left over in his pocket.

No better informed were

(continued)

Drawing by ROBERT RABINOVITZ

This drawing, developed from eyewitness descriptions, shows Clay being wheeled into the Boston City Hospital emergency room. His brother Rudolph (right) dropped towel over Cassius' face.



Clay's Louisville managers and his trainer, Manager William Faversham and Attorney Gordon Davidson had eaten supper in the Ritz-Carlton dining room and had gone to the Boston Celtics-Los Angeles Lakers basketball game. The game was being played in Boston Garden where the fight was to take place Monday. Faversham's secretary, Shirley Reiss, however, was in her hotel room before going out to see *My Fair Lady*. The phone rang and it was a Louisville television station with the hospital news. But the Boston Garden refused to page Faversham for her, and he did not find out about Clay until another member of his group went to a rest room and ran into the sports editor of the *Louisville Times*. "When I got to Faversham and told him," says Dean Eagle, "his face turned—well, I guess you'd call it ghostly white."

Clay's trainer, Angelo Dundee, meanwhile, was watching a closed-circuit telecast from Florida of a football game be-

tween the University of Miami and Boston College. Miamian Dundee was so transported by Miami's early 2-0 lead over favored BC that he did not hear when the announcer in Florida reported that Clay was in a Boston hospital. Not until a reporter at Dundee's elbow repeated what had been said in Dundee's ear did he react. His reaction then was instantaneous. He says, "I didn't care that the light was off. I was worried about the boy."

By that time the hospital waiting room was filling with reporters arriving on the run. Upstairs a nurse tried to soothe Cassius Clay. "Remember, you're the greatest," she purred, but Clay could not rally enough to agree. "Not tonight I'm not," he muttered before he went under the anesthesia. The operation that followed lasted 70 minutes and the doctors who performed it—Boston City's 33-year-old chief resident surgeon called in reinforcements when he found out who the patient was—assured everyone afterward that it had been highly successful. The incision had been but three inches long. "It was such a marvelously developed stomach I hated to slice it up," said one physician—and the hernia was the result of a lifelong congenital defect. Clay had undergone a preflight physical five days before, but such a condition, attending surgeons said, might not be detected in a hundred examinations. "Any man here tonight may have a similar fault," one of the doctors said, "and he may never find out about it. Clay, in fact, might very well have gone ahead and boxed on Monday night with nothing whatever happening. It is fortunate it occurred tonight, perhaps, but what made it occur I can't say. It may have been a cough or a big meal."

Such an on-the-one-hand-this, on-the-other-hand-that explanation did not go down with everybody, particularly those who seek to develop murky, conspiratorial theses whenever they talk about any aspect of boxing. "Those Muslims—they slipped him a Mackey," ventured one. Another man said maybe Clay induced the hernia himself because 1) he was afraid of Liston or 2) he didn't think the gate looked promising. (The fight promoters were optimistic about the prospects of a good house.) Still others suggested that Clay's supper had disagreed with him, had made him vomit and had caused his hernia. But the doctors believe the nausea was a result—

not a cause—of the rupture. Somehow these excursions into what could have been made their proponents look less shrewd than they hoped.

Plain or fancy, Clay's stomachache will still go down as the most expensive in history, surpassing even Babe Ruth's, which was brought on by too many pops and hot dogs and partly precipitated Ruth's dismal 1925 season. Because Boston City is a public hospital, Clay got the emergency operation for free and will only be billed \$45 a day. But other people's losses and expenses total about \$400,000—none of it insured. The bulk of the loss will be sustained by New York's Fred Brooks, who has sunk about a quarter-million into the closed-circuit television promotion, and who, apart from all else, got stuck in an elevator for 45 minutes shortly before the Clay calamity. Since he may use the telephone lines he has leased within a period of 30 days, Brooks might be able to put on another fight. He would like to pair the upcoming Gardello-Carter middleweight title fight with a Patterson-Chusvalo heavyweight match, but if he cannot it is unlikely that he will ever recover his investment. Inter-Continental, the fight promoter, estimated a loss of \$75,000. Clay went through some \$50,000 in training expenses, Liston some \$25,000. To put up with such reversals takes a good deal of philosophical calm and, with the exception of a few demonstrative people (Mrs. Liston and Clay's assistant trainer, Drew Brown, both gave themselves up to weeping Friday night), most of those involved smiled through Liston, for example, had just come in from a stroll near his motel in Plymouth when he was told the fight was off. So, packing for Denver, he said, "Well, let's all put our aprons on and go to work to pay the bills," which, from Liston, is almost poetry. Faversham and Gordon Davidson, a little later, broke the seal on a bottle of whisky whose label read, "Especially for William Faversham, Clay-Liston fight, November 16, 1964, Boston," and toasted one another's long life and success. As for Cassius Clay, who will spend about 10 days in the hospital and two months in convalescence, he cheerfully said: "By the time I'm back in the ring, it'll be next year. And that means I'll be in a new tax bracket." Better than that, he may also have a new exemption next year. His summer bride, Sonji, he believes, is pregnant. **END**



Feeling tricky earlier last week, Clay and Drew Brown went hunting for The Bear (Sonji Liston) with a cooler and a pot of honey.

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HOW THE WEST HAS WON

For six of the last seven years the Western Division of the NFL has manhandled the East. How this dominance was achieved—and when and if it will end—is detailed below

WEST				EAST				
		POINTS	YARDS RUNNING	YARDS PASSING		POINTS	YARDS RUNNING	YARDS PASSING
1957	DETROIT LIONS	59	137	296	CLEVELAND BROWNS	14	218	95
1958	BALTIMORE COLTS	23	138	322	NEW YORK GIANTS	17	88	178
1959	BALTIMORE COLTS	31	73	267	NEW YORK GIANTS	16	118	205
1960	GREEN BAY PACKERS	13	223	178	PHILADELPHIA EAGLES	17	99	197
1961	GREEN BAY PACKERS	37	181	164	NEW YORK GIANTS	0	31	99
1962	GREEN BAY PACKERS	16	148	96	NEW YORK GIANTS	7	94	197
1963	CHICAGO BEARS	14	93	129	NEW YORK GIANTS	10	128	140
TOTALS	WON 6	193	993	1,392	WON 1	81	776	1,111

by EDWIN SHRAKE

The most important and anxiously awaited game of the year in the National Football League should be the one that is played on the frozen December afternoon when the best team in the East meets the best team in the West for the championship. Supposedly, that game is what the five months of running and falling have been all about; theoretically, the season charges to a climax in the violent, proud and uncertain clash of two football teams of proved excellence who are fighting to establish which of them deserves to be called the finest in the world. But since 1958 the NFL championship game on television has seldom rated more in suspense than *Jack Paar* or the *Pinky Lee Show*. The West has won six of the last seven championships and—as an afterthought—has won the only four Apaty Bowl games ever played between the runner-up teams of each division. This year it is yawningly conceded that the Eastern champion—probably Cleveland—will be playing merely for the dubious pleasure of being thrashed by Baltimore on December 27. There are at least three teams in the West that are superior to any in the East. To be realistic about it, the championship game of 1964 already has been played. Baltimore won it in October by beating Green Bay for the second time.

The growing imbalance between the

two seven-team divisions of the NFL became obvious in 1957, when Detroit finished off the once-dominant Browns 39-14. The next two years belonged to the Baltimore Colts, who were just then emerging with the game's outstanding quarterback, Johnny Unitas. The East's only revival, and a brief one, came in 1960, when Philadelphia won the championship on the arm of Norm Van Brocklin, who got his training in the West with the Rams. In 1961 and 1962, Green Bay handled the Giants easily on cold, windy days that were more suited to the Packers' grinding ball-control style than to the deft passing of New York. Last year Chicago won after laming Y. A. Tittle, the man most responsible for putting the Giants into championship games in 1961, 1962 and 1963. Although he has had his biggest success in New York, Tittle, too, learned his trade in the West at San Francisco.

To find out why the West is better than the East it is necessary to go back to the late '40s and early '50s. During these years the contrast in methods of scouting the colleges for talent was as glaring as the contrast between the divisions is now. The representatives from Los Angeles would stagger into the annual draft meeting under a load of books, papers, charts, lists and assorted statistics. The man from the Washington Redskins would wander in with a football magazine in his coat pocket. When it

was time for the Rams to make a draft choice, they would consult their assembled research like marketing analysts, place the telephone calls to prospects and recheck and restudy their figures. Then they would select people like Norm Van Brocklin, Bill Wade, Larry Morris, Roosevelt Grier, Big Daddy Lipscomb, Andy Robustelli, Elroy Hirsch, Tom Fears, Harland Sware, Dan Towler, Paul Younger, Bud McFadin, Night Train Lane, Don Paul, Stan West and others of comparable quality. The man from the Redskins would open his football magazine, poke his finger at somebody's name and announce that he had selected Billy Clyde Puckett, who not only was white but also had received nice mention in a story written in his home-town paper. What difference did it make? The Redskins had Sammy Baugh, and everybody in Washington knew Sammy Baugh would play forever. That sort of activity was the East's Great Leap Backward.

While the older Eastern teams picked players out of magazines, the more aggressive Westerners discovered and developed such quarterbacks as Waterfield, Albert, Layne, Lujack, Van Brocklin, Tittle, Unitas, Rote, Wade, Blanda. In the East there were Baugh and Otto Graham. The Browns, with Graham flawlessly operating Paul Brown's offense, won the Eastern Division six straight years, from 1950 through 1955, and beat the West three times for the

continued

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HOW THE WEST WON continued

championship. But the West was steadily building muscle. Ironically, the one thing the East was doing was inventing a defense that Tom Landry perfected as defensive coach of the Giants. Vince Lombardi, Harland Sore and other believers spread Landry's doctrines to the armies of better athletes in the West, and today Green Bay, Detroit, Los Angeles and Baltimore all play tougher defense than any team in the East. Last year, so did Chicago.

Complacency in the East had not been limited to the draft. The East was still trying to function out of baseball parks with few decent seats. At that time there was no television pool to give each club in the league \$1 million per year. Gate receipts were vital to survival, let alone to the recruiting of talent. The old Chicago Cardinals, the Steelers, the Redskins and the Eagles were victims of stadium situations that made it difficult to draw enough customers to buy helmets. The only big stadiums were in New York and Cleveland. The Giants and the Browns were the rich teams of the East and therefore the best.

In the West, Baltimore had begun organizing in 1953. San Francisco then was fairly new to the league, having moved from the defunct All-America Conference, but was averaging about 60,000 paid attendance per game at Kezar Stadium. If the Rams had less than 80,000 on a Sunday the owners suspected a plot. Money was tumbling into the West, and with it came the players. The draft in theory should have kept the divisions equal. That it did not was a result of both the money and the ingenuity the West was spending on scouting.

The Rams, for example, had Waterfield and Van Brocklin at quarterback, but they drafted and signed Bill Wade. They had as many good quarterbacks on their roster at one time as there were in the entire Eastern Division. The only thing that prevented the Rams from utterly ruling, and maybe ruining, pro football during the '50s was constant squabbling between their owners. For that feuding—which since has been resolved—the rest of the NFL is grateful.

Buck Shaw, coach of the San Francisco 49ers from 1950 to 1954, was aware of the quarterback gap when he moved to Philadelphia. "I stipulated I would take the Eagle job if I could get what I wanted," Shaw says. "I wanted a top quarterback. I wanted our front office to

deal generously with the man we got." The man he got was Van Brocklin, and in 1960 Van Brocklin got Shaw the championship. "The schedule broke our way," says Shaw. "We caught the Lions before they toughened up, and we caught New York with injuries. But I could see what was coming. Vince Lombardi had gone to Green Bay and had found some of the best players in the game waiting for him. He put a few keys together and had a great team. The Rams and 49ers had started to fall apart, which made it easier for the Packers. But the Rams were the ones who had put us on our toes in the West. They had made us imitate them if we hoped to keep up with them."

Football is a game of imitation. As every team in the league imitated Landry's defense, so the teams in the West began to imitate the ideas of Lombardi, another Giant alumnus. The West had been a throw-and-catch-it league until Lombardi began to win in 1960 with his solid defense and his big running backs who could hammer down the field half a dozen yards at a smash until the Packers had a touchdown and the other team had no time to do anything about it. The Western teams copied Lombardi and strained for the talent to compete with the Packers as they had once struggled to compete with Los Angeles. The NFL reversed itself. The West became the running division and the East the passing division. And the most adroit passer in the East was Y. A. Tittle, the refugee from San Francisco.

Without Tittle, the East would have been even more of what one Western assistant coach calls "a marshmallow league." Tittle, the best quarterback in the East since Van Brocklin retired to become coach of the Minnesota Vikings, has beaten the West five times in seven tries, not including the championship game he has never won. Most Western teams admit privately—though not for posting on Eastern locker-room bulletin boards—that they prepare to play the East in the same festive mood in which they would dress to go to a party.

"The East just doesn't seem to play the same style of football," one Western coach says. "It doesn't seem to be as hard-nosed, for some reason, although guys like Sam Huff and Rosey Grier and Chuck Bednarik [now retired] would make me eat those words. The reason can't be geographical. You take New



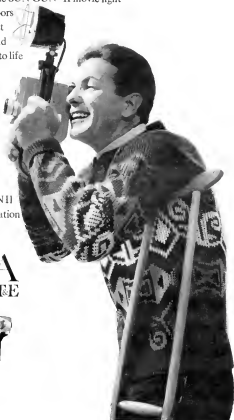
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HOW THE WEST WON *(continued)*

York, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. They're all in a row. Why is it that only Baltimore plays the real rugged Western style? Can it be because Baltimore is in the Western Division? Maybe the rest of the Western teams make the Colts play their style of game."

Offensive Tackle J. D. Smith, who came to Detroit this season from Philadelphia, says, "In the East you'd run into a good, tough defensive end one Sunday and then maybe not see another like him for two or three weeks. In the West you see a good one every week." Henry Jordan, All-NFL defensive tackle, played two years at Cleveland before being traded to Green Bay. "It used to be that if a team had a good running attack or a good passing attack, that was enough to make it a good team. Now you have to have balance between running and passing," says Jordan, "and balance between offense and defense. We've proved that, I would think."

Western superiority is a product of superior players—like Jordan and Gino Marchetti of Baltimore, Alex Karras and Joe Schmidt of Detroit, the young defensive line of the Rams, and certainly Unita, Moore, Terkenton, Mason, Berry, Taylor, Ditka, Starr and dozens more. But the East is rapidly wiping out the West's scouting edge. Washington and Philadelphia installed extensive scouting systems about three years ago. Pittsburgh is now a scouting factor. All NFL teams except Chicago, Washington and Minnesota are cooperating in scouting pools. Why, then, has the East not overhauled the West? That takes time, to be sure, but time is not the only reason.

Part of the East's problem can be traced to an occurrence in Dallas in 1960. A young multimillionaire named Lamar Hunt, son of one of the world's wealthiest men, started a new football league from his oil-company office on Commerce Street in Dallas. Hunt had tried to get an NFL franchise and had been turned down. The NFL had promised its next franchise to Clint Murchison Jr., also a Dallas resident and the son of another of the world's wealthiest men, after Murchison tried to stop the old Dallas Texans from moving to Baltimore and becoming the Colts in 1952.

Barred by the NFL, Hunt decided to form the American Football League. When apprised of Hunt's intention—although the NFL later insisted it was a coincidence—the NFL abruptly voted

(continued)

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NOW THE WEST WON *continued*

to expand and let Murchison have a new franchise to compete with Hunt in Dallas. The NFL then took another potential American League city by voting an NFL franchise for Minneapolis-St. Paul, to begin operation in 1961, one year after the debut of the American League and the Dallas Cowboys of the NFL.

The effect of the two new NFL franchises and the eight new AFL clubs has been tremendous. Players' salaries have risen fantastically. Concurrent with the booming popularity of pro football, the television networks entered the action with millions of dollars to thrust at each league. Television insured the survival of the AFL. But the inescapable fact is that there are now 22 pro football teams chasing talent, whereas before 1960 there were just 12.

The AFL and the expansion of the NFL came at exactly the proper moment for Green Bay, Baltimore and Detroit, the three best teams in football. "The teams which were young and strong in 1960 have pretty well dominated things since," says Tom Landry. "Baltimore was coming out of championship years in 1958 and 1959 and still had its quality players. Green Bay was very young in 1960. Detroit was coming back with that great defense. Baltimore and Green Bay really haven't needed to help themselves much. It's the rest of us who have been handicapped by the spreading out of talent."

The double expansion in 1960 trapped Buddy Parker of the Steelers in the middle of a rebuilding job. "That year we drafted Abner Haynes and Jack Spikes, two backs we felt would strengthen us. But both of them signed with Dallas in the AFL," says Parker. "Since then we've drafted several players in key positions, but we've lost a couple, and a couple of others didn't come through. When you're not getting all the men you draft, you can't afford to make mistakes."

There are definite signs that the East is catching up with the West, if at a creeping pace. Last year the East outdrew the West for the first time. A new stadium is going up in St. Louis. Pittsburgh has a lease on Pitt Stadium and the Redskins moved into the new D.C. Stadium three years ago. The Eastern owners—the final holdouts against expansion in 1960—demanded as a bonus that the East get Dallas as a member. That gave the East the 75,504-seat Cotton Bowl, where baseball never is. With a winning team,

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which they are on the verge of having, the Cowboys will fill the Cotton Bowl as surely as the Texas-Oklahoma game does now.

New ownership also is helping the East. The revived Eagles are the property of Jerry Wolman, who laps the track in glee and waves to the fans when his team scores. Art Modell of Cleveland is the originator of the doubleheader, which may or may not be a good idea. Charles and Billy Bidwill have been aggressive owners since they got control of the Cardinals three years ago. The young Maras in New York are capable career people. The Redskins have broken their color line and have profited by the play of Bobby Mitchell and Charley Taylor. Art Rooney (page 90) is the last of the old palace guard in the East, but he has always been a popular owner. In Dallas, Murchison is energetic and imaginative—a young owner who had such faith in Landry that this year he gave his coach an 11-year contract. The Cowboys' Tex Schramm is the most autonomous general manager in the league and has put in a scouting system that is even more complex and, Schramm hopes, will be more productive than the one he used to operate with the Rams.

And the East finally has come up with some top young quarterbacks—Don Meredith, Norm Snead, Charley Johnson, Frank Ryan, Sonny Jurgensen, Bill Nelsen, Jack Concannon, Dick Shiner and Gary Wood, to name a few. The West is still stronger at this position, but there is not the obvious gap there was. And if, as some coaches believe, the total blitz is ending the era of the drop-back passer and bringing the scrambler into the most prominent position, then the two best quarterbacks for the next several years may well be Tarkenton of Minnesota and Meredith of Dallas—one from the West and one from the East.

As the cycles go in football, within two or three seasons the East should stride into the championship game and into interdivision games with vigor, confidence and maturity that do not at the moment exist. The element of uncertainty will return. The fans, who have waited patiently since the famous Baltimore-New York overtime championship game of 1958, will have something to argue about again. That is an event to anticipate with joy. These late-December reruns on television have become somewhat stale.

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THROW AWAY THAT STEM

With the new season at hand, here is a guide for the skier who wants to move up to the stylish parallel technique. Improvements in teaching methods and the care of slopes make this the best time ever to try

Some four million American skiers are awaiting the season's first snow reports, and a great many of them are united in a single resolve. This year they will keep their skis, boots and knees together; they will ski parallel. They will abandon trusty stem turns and forsake comfortable foot-apart stances. They will emulate the slow, graceful sweep of their instructors' skis-together turns and vow not to backslide during free-skiing hours, even though it may mean some snow-eating up among the moguls, where vows are more difficult to keep than on the manicured teaching slopes. And before the last Gribblein of spring is consumed, a large number will be successful. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED applauds their resolve and offers on the following pages an introduction to parallel skiing, as demonstrated by a masterful Austrian skier, Stowe Instructor Helmut Falch (see cover), in sketches by Robert Handville.

The current mass interest in parallel skiing is relatively new. For years the parallel technique, while recognized as the ultimate, was widely thought to be the property of an elite composed of men and women more athletic, better equipped and with a lot more time to ski than the average lift rider. But with recent major advances in skis, boots and bindings of muddling price, with more and better-tended trails and with the present drive for standard teaching methods in America, that idea has been sharply changed. What once was a jumble of personal, regional and imported teaching styles is being resolved into one—the so-called American system, which is another way of saying modified Austrian. Everything taught in certified ski schools, from the beginner's snowplow on up, is part of a step-by-step progression toward parallel. The Austrian tendency to dilly for perfection at each stage is notably absent in America. The student is sped on as fast as he reasonably can advance. The rush to parallel has been so massive that Stowe, for example, can claim to observe a third of its customers paralleling with some degree of facility, Aspen a comparable proportion.

This is not to say that the step up to parallel is easy or quick. There can be a time of purgatory in which the skier, too proud to stem and too poor in technique really to parallel, is all false starts. The novice is rarely told that soon learns that merely keeping the skis together in a simple sideslip or gentle schuss requires a serious effort of will. But the rewards for rigorous practice and perseverance are real. Like the high-handicap golfer who belts a long straight one off the tee, the skier of small experience who finally gets his skis together and executes some pretty good Christies is exhilarated beyond rational belief. He's hooked, and likes the feeling.



The last bridge to pure parallel skiing is the stem Christie (above), in which the skis are parted only to initiate a turn. At right, instructor Falch completes traverse and stems out his uphill ski. Then in one fluid motion he shifts his weight to uphill ski, brings the other parallel and sideslips into turn to the left. Eliminating the stem (below), Falch

demonstrates a valuable exercise preparatory to parallel skiing. From a forward sideslip he sinks down and edges sharply (left). From that platform he immediately hops tails of the skis uphill (center) and descends (right), ready to sideslip again. This gives feel of check-and-go maneuver, perhaps the most important segment of parallel technique.





Common faults to be overcome are leaning forward from the waist (above) and leaning into the slope (below). The first is the usual reaction of students to unaccustomed speed, but it only magnifies the problem. Speed is unchecked or increased, and the skier's only aim now is survival; a proper parallel turn is impossible. Leaning in results from timidity on steep slopes. There is a tendency to hug the hill, as in sharp descents made on foot. The skis go out from under and a fall ensues. Standing out over the skis is one of several unnatural positions that must be practiced until they are reflexive.



Putting theory into practice, Falch swings easily downhill in the style of parallel skiing called *Wedeln*, which simply means a series of closely linked turns from which traverses are omitted. His is a straightforward approach free from contortions. His stance is upright and slightly forward. He swings to one side, with most of his weight on the outside ski, edges angled inward against the snow to control the sideslipping motion and upper body roughly square to the fall line. With a down motion and slightly deeper bite of the edges, he finishes off one turn and touches his outside pole to trigger a swing back the other way. He flicks the tails of his skis up and across toward the fall line, skids the tails across it with weight now shifted to the new outside ski and the sideslip now controlled by angling the opposite set of edges—and so on in rhythmic repetition. The moment in which he checks speed and changes direction is critical. Hesitation breaks one's rhythm, lets the skis come apart and starts the next turn badly. A turn well begun usually ends well, begun badly, it remains sour.

CONTINUED





As the skier moves on to steeper trails he must sharpen his reactions. Everything is accelerated. Hesitation, sloppiness and failure to read the terrain below are swiftly penalized. On the opposite page Falch rounds out a swing to the right, in the second figure edges crisply and touches his pole, and in the third puts plenty of air under his skis as he hops the tails up and across to change direction. Here the artist has moved Falch slightly from the photographic sequence on which these illustrations were based in order to show the maneuver more clearly. Finally, Falch takes advantage of a rise to his right, checking speed a bit by letting his skis slide up against it.

Experts vary a good deal within the basic framework of parallel skiing, and Falch exemplifies the natural look, as opposed to the India-rubber acrobatics of many brilliant stylists. Falch's way is the one currently in vogue in the U.S., and with good reason. Extreme shoulder, knee and hip action can be fine to look at but for the recreational skier are hard to imitate with any proficiency. Furthermore, the natural stance focuses the learner's attention where it belongs: on footwork. If the skis behave, a lot can be loosed up above the knees without destroying a turn.



Two bodily motions which the skier must get down pat have the mouth-filling names of counterrotation and angulation. The first means twisting the shoulders against the set of the skis, and Falch is doing so. Angulation means leaning the upper body out, pressing the knees in. These movements are essential to balance and also provide a windup, analo-

gous to a baseball pitcher's pumping motion, from which the skier can rhythmically bounce back in the opposite direction. Falch's hop at the left is a moderate one. The height of the hop is not particularly important as long as the skis comfortably clear the slope. On steep slopes there is obviously more mountain in the way than on shallow ones, and more lift is necessary. Ski schools routinely teach beginning parallel students to hop vigorously just to give the feel of elevating those slats. A valuable exercise is hopping the tails back and forth while running directly down the fall line on a dead-easy slope, but in finished skiing it is incorrect to hop beyond the fall line. The right way is to descend in it or short of it and let the skis slip around and down in a controlled skid. Skiers who consistently pick up more speed than they can handle in the swing through the fall line may discover that one reason is simply dull edges. If edges are not kept sharp they will not have the proper bite. It is extreme folly to handicap oneself with dull edges.

Mental preparation can take much of the toil out of making the transition from stem to parallel skiing: it is wise to have the basic movements thought out beforehand. And if there is one overriding idea to keep in mind it is perhaps the concept of continuous motion; once you begin a maneuver, keep on with it. Over and over again instructors see students set their edges to begin a Christy—and then hesitate. This is like checking a golf club momentarily on the downswing. In both cases the result is disaster.

END

SIX SQUARE MILES OF POWDER

Colorado's two-year-old Vail becomes a full-grown ski resort this season, with three new double-chair lifts on the mountain and, at its base, a ski village that is a model of sports-community planning

BY FRED R. SMITH

It is difficult to believe, but three winters ago there was no Vail. Truckers, or skiers bound for Aspen, coasting west from the 12,000-foot heights of Colorado's Loveland Pass and the Continental Divide, might have paused to admire the tree-lined trout stream, a herd of mule deer or even a Rocky Mountain bighorn ram, silhouetted on a rim of red rock. They would have seen little else.

Today in the vicinity of Gore Creek, where not even a mining shack existed before, a dozen saunas now flourish. Steam rises from three outdoor, heated swimming pools and smoke escapes from the chimneys of 72 houses, ranging from a ski chateau with walls painted in *rouge l'oeuf* to simple rustic cottages furnished with relics of Colorado silver-mining camps. A liquor store is stocked with western-size bottles of Beebeater and with Pommards and Muscadets that would do a Madison Avenue vintner proud. *Blanquette de veau* is served in a downstairs bolic called La Cave, where Colorado University students in jeans dance a Wild West version of the Waltz and Long Island ladies in long skirts do genteel versions of the frog.

The chalets, the saunas, the Pommard and the frog are the appurtenances of ski areas around the world. But never in the history of U.S. skiing have they all come so quickly, never has a bare mountain leaped in such a short time into the four-star category of ski resorts. Vail opened in December 1962, financed by a stock investment of \$1.8 million, complete with a gondola lift and two double-chair lifts, a lodge and that priceless ingredient, snow (SI, Dec. 3, 1962). Two

years later Vail represents a total commitment of \$15 million, with a sizable share of that investment in some of the most interesting ski houses in America.

The most important additions to Vail in its short life are the three chair lifts that were built last summer. On Easter Saturday, 1964, the sunny day on which the color photographs on these pages were taken, there was a 20-minute wait for the gondola. That was the day the board, headed by Vail President Pete Seibert, met with its bankers to decide whether or not to build new lifts this year. During the board meeting four college boys, tired of a wait that would be short in New England, decided to push on to Aspen and asked for their money back. The board voted the chairs.

Not only do the new chairs turn the top of the north face into a Rocky Mountain version of Kitzbuhel's Kandahar Circus, they also open a new downhill trail that should satisfy critics who claimed there was not enough "go" anywhere at Vail for the expert skier. The trail, says U.S. Olympic Ski Coach Bob Beattie, is as good as any in the U.S. and even as good as such classic European runs as Chamonix's *Piste Verte*. Unlike many race courses, it combines speed with enough runout here and there to enable a racer to ski flat out without checking. The trail has been named the International in salute to the first American International races, which will bring the top Alpine competitors of France, Austria and the U.S. to Vail next March. These races, the most important competition on the 1965 ski calendar, are designed to fill the off-year

Over wide, spruce-dotted slopes, skiers ascend from Mid-Vail station to the 11,250-foot high peak (see illustration on page 62). There is a choice of running back down to the midsta lion on packed slopes ranging from gentle to pitched, of going all the way to the village on a variety of three- or four-mile runs or of skiing two sweeping bowls that are unique in America.





gap between FIS and Olympic competition. They will be offered as a memorial to the late Bud Werner, America's best-known Alpine racing man.

With new lifts and trails have come more and more accommodations. Vail can now sleep from 1,200 to 1,500 transient skiers in rental houses and apartments, a 106-unit motel and six inns and pensions. A charming recent addition is the pension built by Vail's pro in residence, Pepi Gramshammer, with an Austrian *Bierstube* attached.

From the beginning, Vail has been a family sort of area, with most people entertaining at home. The boy-meets-girl set has found Vail pole at night, particularly by Aspen standards. Bill Whiteford Jr., whose father is chairman of the board of Gulf Oil, plans to solve this problem, single-handedly if necessary. His new Casino Vail will have a facade like the stern of a 16th century Spanish galleon. An ad Whiteford ran in *The Village Voice* (a newspaper of Greenwich

Village) is an indication of the kind of *Gewissheit* he plans: "America's most exciting new night club needs attractive, personable girls who can sing or act & who will bartend & wait on tables. . . . Austrian & German girls especially sought." There will also be a stand-up pub, a balcony bar for adults, a teen-age *discotheque*, a dance floor for 200 and after-ski marionette shows for kids.

All of the apparently disparate building of casinos and houses, apartments and shops could well have turned the village into an architectural abomination. It did not. Vail is a model ski town. The resort's planning board, with resident Architect Fitzhugh Scott in charge, has achieved a harmonious balance. No cars are allowed—or needed—in the village center, which has the pleasing aspect of a Tyrolean village set in the spaciousness of the American West.

The planning board is also looking to the future. A golf course, riding stables and a gun club are projected. When

the tunnel under Loveland Pass is completed in 1970, making Vail only 1½ hours from Denver, Vail will need another mountain. The planners have thought of that, too, and another village is envisaged on the back of the mountain at the base of the superb Vail bowls with more lifts up the peak beyond.

More than half of the private houses and apartments in Vail are for rent when the owners are elsewhere. Most Vail landowners come from the center of the U.S.—from Michigan and Illinois, Texas and Ohio—and, of course, from Colorado. Those with children often come only for Christmas and spring school vacations. The rental of these properties frees many beds for other visitors.

Although Vail has acquired a reputation for being an in place to ski, no echin or jet-set snobbery has developed. The people you meet on the mountain who ask you to come by for a sauna or tea may have spent a mint on their chalet—or they may have built it themselves.

On the Over Yonder face of Sun Down bowl, six early users carve serpentine paths in the kind of feather, knee deep powder for which the Rockies are famous. Vail's open bowls cover an area of two square miles

In annual Vail Fun Races, Blanche Hauserman is ready to go as her band Dick (center) listens for the countdown. Vail also takes its racing seriously and will be the site of a major international meet in March.



CONTINUED



David, Preston and Bill Parish sherry down a rope in the house. Architect Fitzhugh Scott designed for their family. Unplanned boards, built-in bunks with sleeping bags, pot-bellied stoves and a huge center fireplace make it the easiest-to-keep house in Vail—ideal for a big family that likes to ski from sunrise till the lifts stop.



Richard Powell, a member of the 1953 Arctican Everest expedition, built his family's chalet himself. He teaches high school in Denver, teaches skiing on weekends and with Ski Instructer Manfred Schober has plans for a summer camp for teen-age boys in Vail with emphasis on mountaineering, fishing and pack trips.



John McBride, a former Philadelphia hockey star now teaching in the ski school in Vail, is an other entrepreneur who built his own house using rough local wood and stone. He and his wife, Laurie, furnished it with such Victoriana from Colorado mining towns as a plush sofa and a player piano. John runs the nighty Vail movie

Two of the most admired structures in Vail are the condominium row houses (below) and a daringly spectacular ski house (right). Both are the work of one architect, Ernie Oglesby of Dallas. The row houses are separated by brick firewalls and are individually owned. There are 17 houses divided into 24 apartments, and each

floor plan is different. Some houses are used entirely by one family; others are divided into as many as four apartments. Every apartment has a fireplace and almost every room has a balcony overlooking Gore Creek or the mountains. There are five row house complexes in Vail, and other ski areas are adopting the idea.



The landscape shaped the \$200,000 showplace (right) built in Vail by Texas Financier John Murchison and his wife, Lupe. It struggles up to and wraps around a wall of lichen-covered rock which helps stabilize its temperature, holding the heat of the sun in winter but remaining cool in summer. The dining room perches on

a rock cliff, and a red carpeted stair circles down to the four levels of the house from the top-side entrance. A wall of ordinary plate glass, set directly into the rock, looks through a grove of aspen trees to the village below, and east to the majestic Gore Range. The morning sun on the glass also helps maintain the interior

climate. The upper level of the house is right by Bear Tree trail, and the Murchisons can ski home or down to the lifts without crossing a road. A large terrace area on top of the dining room is served by a glass-sided dumb-waiter for outdoor sunny-day lunch parties. Nobody has to clomp through the house in ski boots.







The graceful line of an aspen bent beneath the weight of snow inspired the architect to use curved laminated beams of Colorado fir as the major architectural element of the Marchson house. They soar from the ground 83 feet to a window above the dining area with a view of the slopes. The living room, all glass at one end and has a beamed aspen at the other. The walls are

kept white as a background for paintings and sculpture. Edward Benesch, who designed the interiors, also designed most of the furniture. Pillows covered in rosy wool and fur are used for warm accents in snow country. Lape Marchson (seated on couch above with Blanche Hausman, left) and Vanda Wessner entertain frequently at Vail. On the floor beneath the living

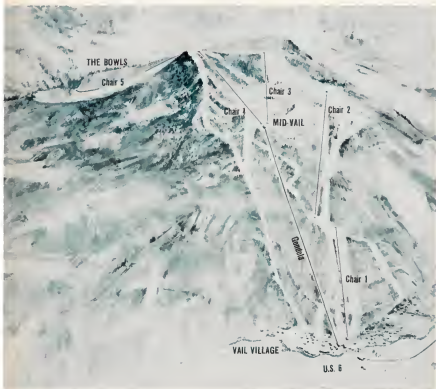
area are the Marchsons' bedrooms and study; another flight down are rooms for their three daughters and John Jr., and the ground floor houses a game room and sauna. The game room converts into a dormitory, and at vacation time the house can sleep 15 children. Soon to be built is a chair lift to bring family and guests up to the house from a more accessible road below.

CONTINUED

GETTING THERE Vail is 110 miles west of Denver on U.S. 6. Continental Trailways buses leave Denver for Vail at 8:45 a.m., 4:30 and 11:45 p.m. Private planes can land at Eagle Airport, 35 miles west of Vail on U.S. 6. **STAYING THERE:** Rooms at Christiana-at-Vail are from \$8 per person (double occupancy). Vail Village Inn offers ski weeks (Jan. 9 to Feb. 13) with two meals, three-day ski school and lifts for \$125 each (four to a room) to \$145 (two to a room). The Lodge at Vail's ski weeks (Dec. 12 to 19, Jan. 9 to Feb. 13, Apr. 3 to 10, Apr. 18 to 25) range from \$129 to \$158. The Night Latch has four-bunk dormitories and a \$106 weekly

plan. Gasthof Gurnhammer, opening Dec. 18, will have package plans most of the season for \$122 to \$155. At the Plaza a studio apartment for two with kitchen is \$130 per person for a week. There are about 40 houses and more than 100 apartments available through Vail Home Rentals. The smallest apartments start at \$20 a day, the three-bedroom houses at \$50. Kitchens are nearly complete. **SKIING THERE** The ski school has 42 instructors, headed by Morrie Shepard. They teach the American technique. Lifts are \$6 per day. The scope and variety of Vail skiing are revealed in the schematic drawing below. A four-place gondole lift to Mid-

Vail, with a capacity of 500 skiers per hour, takes 14 minutes to travel the 9,500 feet, a vertical ascent of 2,000 feet. From Mid-Vail, two double chairs (No. 3 is new) disperse skiers around the trails of the upper mountain. The facilities at Mid-Vail have tripled, and 2,500 skiers can now be fed at lunch. There are 25 miles of trails on the north side. The average run from the top to the village is 3½ miles. The back bowls, Vail's particular pride, face south in two wide arcs that catch both morning and afternoon sun. Chairs 1 and 2 are also new this season and open Vail's superb new downhill racing course, the International. **END**



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Miller Herb Elliott, who is proving as able on the banquet circuit as on the cinders, told an Auckland sportsman's dinner that even Spartan world champions suffer tension. "You might believe this or you might not," said Elliott, "but I was at the stadium five hours early for the race I won at the Rome Olympics. I have never been so nervous. It was sheer hell. There I was, the stadium empty except for an old woman who was cleaning. She came up to me and said, 'Phardon me, aren't you Mr. Elliott?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Aren't you running today?' she asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'Are you nervous?' she asked. 'No!' I said, 'I'm not nervous.' 'Well,' she said, 'what are you doing coming out of the ladies' room?'"

After a quarter-century layoff, Anglophile U.S. Billionaire J. Paul Getty dropped in at an English bowling alley for another try at topins. "I never was a great player," he said as he and svelte Mrs. Jonathan Sieff of the Marks and Spencer department store family watched his first ball roll demurely into the gutter (below), "but I seem to have forgotten everything I knew. It's that three-pace run-up that's so hard to get right."



Two frames later, after a word to the wife from a pretty instructor, Getty rolled a spare. "Ah," he said, "that was much better. After 25 years, I suppose I should expect the first roll to be a bit shaky."

There may be an end or two who catches more passes than Co-Captain Red Dawson of Florida State, but no other collegian can match him in his own area of unique distinction. Dawson, who has been chewin' since he was on a Georgia state championship high school team, is the best tobacco-spitter in college football. Last week he hit a fly executing a sharp Immelman turn more than 10 feet away.

Nob Hill's Sugar Baron, **Clas Spreckels** had her built way back in 1893 and named her after his niece, Gracie. Some years later Novelist-Sailorman Jack London saw her, fell in love and made her the central figure in his best-known story: *The Sea Wolf*. Years later when the novel was made into a movie for the unimpeachable time, the old Gracie S. became a movie star and played herself in it—under a new name, *Wanderer*. With the movie all but forgotten, maverick Movie Actor Sterling Hayden, fleeing Hollywood justice and a custody suit, piled his four children aboard her and sailed out into the blue and the headlines. Captured, reprimanded but freed by the courts, Hayden sold the great 97-foot schooner to millionaire Oklahoma Oilman Joe Price. She was still Price's boat but on charter to someone else two weeks ago when she struck a reef off the southern tip of Rangiroa in the Tuamotu Islands and ended her long career.

Before the champion collapsed on him, Turkish President Cemal Gursel, vacationing in Izmir on the Aegean Sea, made it perfectly clear whose side he was on in the fight that never was fought. "I hope with all my heart that **Muhammed Ali** is victorious and I am sure that he

will be," said brother-Moslem Gursel. "But he should talk less because excessive talking diminishes one's strength."

This year promoters of the Miss Teen-Age America pageant played it safe: they invited **Mickey Mantle** and some Dallas Cowboys back again but only as judges of a turtle derby (below). When last year's pageant featured a tough football game, contestants took it all too seriously, and Miss Teen-Age Chicago wound up with a bloody knee and a tear-stained football jersey. Last week the girls were restricted to cheering on their entries ("C'mon, Al Catraz!" "Pleese, Baron Pink Fink!") Mantle and Cowboys **Perry Lee Dunn**, **Billy Lush** and **Larry Stephens** merely waved checkered flags. The winner, in 17 seconds, was No. 43, Knight, owned and driven by Miss Teen-Age Tampa (nee Linda Joyce Putnam). Her prize: A green sweater—turtleneck, of course.

His Royal Highness Prince Tungi of Tonga has decided to introduce surfing to his tiny monarchy, a South Pacific island ruled since 1918 by a 280-pound matriarch. Since Tungi, who happens also to be Pro-

mier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Agriculture and Minister of Education, is a characteristically sturdy specimen of the gam Tongan breed, some special equipment will be needed. The Prince already has commissioned a foam-filled surfboard 12 feet 8 inches long and 28 inches wide.

Now a roving promotion expert for the American Gas Association, the first **Miss Rheingold** called her lecture in Cleveland "Around the World with **Jinx Falkenberg**." But what Jinx, a onetime tennis star, is really interested in these days is getting around a golf course. And why not, with her 10 handicap?

Honored at half time during a recent Texas football game, Music Man **Meredith Willson** took a turn at leading the Longhorn band, then tootled his regrets at having given up baseball playing for piccolo playing at an early age. "We used to have some hot baseball games in the John Philip Sousa band league in grade school," ex-catcher Willson recalled. "It was weak, anemic woodwinds against those beefy tuba players. I quit because my G-sharp finger kept getting hurt by foul balls."



The roar of the Tiger is Iacavazzi

The name belongs to Princeton's tailback, who last week led his teammates to the Ivy League title

Every so often in a football season something delicious pops to the surface that has nothing to do with press agency or howl buds or All-America prospects. Take two teams (preferably undefeated) fighting for a league championship, see to it that each has had about one hundred years to write funny songs about the other, create myths and develop memories, and there you have it. That was the case last week as unbeaten Princeton strutted into New Haven to play unbeaten, once-tied Yale in a game that would settle the Ivy League championship.

The setting for the game was perfect: clear skies, packed stands and old alumni on both sides of the field carrying on like foolish undergraduates. For half the afternoon there was excitement for everybody, as each team scored twice to tie the game at 14-14. But then Cosmo

Iacavazzi, Princeton's fullback, took over and ruined the rest of the day for Yale. Playing the finest game of his fine career, Iacavazzi (pronounced Yock-a-vah-zi) scored two touchdowns and gained 185 yards, a performance so heroic that he is now in some peril of having songs written about him. Princeton won the game 35-14, and the title the Tigers had been forced to share with Dartmouth last year is now theirs alone.

At no time this season did Princeton look like anything less than a champion. The team's march to the title was as direct as its single-wing style of play and it never was in danger of losing. The Tiger defense was especially impressive, holding opponents to six touchdowns in eight games (the team plays its final game against Cornell this week) and stringing together four successive shut-outs.

The tight defense was no accident. Last year the Tigers could score easily but the trouble was, so could the opposition. As a result Princeton lost to both Harvard and Dartmouth. During the off season, Coach Dick Colman called a meeting of his staff and asked for ideas on improving the team's defense. The discussion was all very amiable and non-productive until one of the coaches suggested that Princeton put all its experienced players on the defensive team and hope that Iacavazzi alone could carry the offense.

If the coach had advised them to turn Nassau Hall into a shopping center it could not have stirred the Princeton staff up more. While the assistant coaches argued, Colman sat back, mullied over the situation and finally called for silence. "Gentlemen," he said, "we'll do it." Immediately key players were switched from one position to another, such as Wingback Lynn Sutcliffe, who became a defensive halfback. The turn to defense became complete when Paul Savidge and Stas Malaszewski, a couple of off-season wrestlers who weigh 215 pounds apiece and move with devastating efficiency, were shifted from offensive guards to the defensive platoon. Then Defensive Coach Warren Harris decided that playing defense could be made much more attractive if the players were given the same gumbdrops the offensive players get: points. He devised a scoring system

continued



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only slightly less complicated than the directions for a do-it-yourself computer. Included was one point for making a tackle inside the 20-yard line on kick-offs. Holding a runner to less than four yards was worth another point. Intercepting a pass was good for two, and blocking a punt was worth three. None of these points showed on the scoreboard, of course, but the defensive players learned to value them highly. The result of this attention to defense was edifying. While Princeton scored less than the year before, as expected, the opposition had trouble scoring at all.

Colman, as almost anybody could have predicted, is a happy man. No coach complains about a perfect season. But occasionally Colman talks wistfully of the gaping holes his quick offensive linemen used to open for his backs. And when he sees the opposition move its defense into tight little knots, specifically to stop the powerful straight-ahead rushes of Iacavazzi, he looks like a general who has been retired on the eve of war. "Oh, oh, oh, have they given us the end sweeps this year," he moans, remembering those swift wingbacks circling wide on the famous Princeton reverses and then streaking nimbly down the sidelines. But the quick bucks are playing safety now and Colman has had to settle for Iacavazzi's cloud of dust.

Yale's John Pont would have loved to settle for Cosmo Iacavazzi. He, too, had problems when this season began—namely, an almost total absence of seasoned players in the middle. His center, quarterback, defensive halfbacks and safetyman had all graduated, which is a little like waking up in a hospital and finding your stomach gone. But Pont is a man who believes that anything can be done. He had, for instance, shown up at the Green Bay Packer training camp in 1952—all 5 feet 6, 163 pounds of him—hoping to make the team at halfback. And the fact is he almost did. So, faced with a little problem like inexperienced players, Pont simply filled the gaps with untested men and told them they were among the great players of all time. They have not played like the great players of all time, but they have not played badly, either.

While such high opinion by the coach can do wonders for morale, there has to be some substance to the claims, too, and Yale had that in a rugged line and fullback Chuck Mercein, a fair imitation of Iacavazzi. Still, Yale had to

scramble hard for wins this season (10-6, 15-7, 23-21) and even in the emphatic 24-15 victory over Dartmouth, one observer wrote: "Yale was the superior football organization by a fairly wide margin, but when Dartmouth moved the ball for touchdowns the Indians had the look of a stronger team."

Quite possibly Dartmouth was the stronger team, but there was no use trying to prove it to Coach Pont. It is also characteristic of him to place the blame for a poor performance—such as the one against Brown—exactly where he thinks it belongs. "I took Brown lightly," he says.

There was no taking Princeton lightly, of course, and the scrimmages the week before had a brutal ring to them. "Vicious," said Pont, not bothering to hide a wide grin, "all that scampering around in a single-wing offense can mesmerize you." When he spotted a lineman holding his ground, he yelled: "Penetrate, man, penetrate." On the next play the lineman bolted ahead, knocked over three of the Yale scrubs who were simulating Princeton backs, and flattened an assistant coach. "Players can get too high," Pont said. "They've been making early-season mistakes. Fumbles on tested plays, dropping good passes. They need a laugh." Yale Captain Ab Lawrence, a 245-pound tackle, supplied that the next day when he reported to practice sporting a tattered Princeton jersey. No one doubled up with glee, but the rest of the squad appreciated the gesture and Thursday's easy workout became a crisp, lighthearted affair. As Mercein boomed long field goals into the deep gloom of the late November afternoon, Pont declared: "We're ready."

When the game began Yale really did look ready. The Elis scored first on a one-yard plunge by Mercein. "We were shocked," said Iacavazzi, and with reason. It was the first time Princeton had been behind all season. Shocked as they were, the Tigers fought back and were tied by half time.

During the break a frisky Yale tuba player fell flat on his face. But Yale survived that all right. Far more troublesome was a twist Dick Colman decided to add to Princeton's honorable old single wing. It was something Princeton had never tried before, and it was not until late in the third period, with the Tigers holding a shaky 21-14 lead, that they felt they had to spring it. Tailback Don Mc-

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

back on Billy Ezell's two touchdown passes to Doug Mouton to win 14-10.

Two notable SEC failures won. Mississippi finally had one of those days Coach Johnny Vaught dreamed about last spring. Jim Weatherly completed 11 passes for 126 yards, the defense pounced on three Tennessee fumbles and blocked a kick, and Ole Miss turned them into touchdowns to beat the Vols 10-9. Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, who used to be an assistant at Auburn, gave his old buddies a shock with a tackle-eligible pass play, but it was not quite enough to upset the Tigers. Tucker Fredrickson blasted the Bulldogs for 101 yards and Auburn took the game 14-7. Kentucky, expecting a flood of passes from Baylor, got a smashing running game instead and lost 17-15.

Florida's independents had a ball for themselves. FLORIDA STATE'S Magnificent Seven choked off North Carolina State's running game, leaving the distressed Wolfpack with just six yards rushing. Meanwhile, Quarterback Steve Tensi and flanker Fred Brienikoff teamed up on two touchdown passes and State romped 28-6. Miami's Bob Brienikoff was even more spectacular. He ran for two scores, set up another with three long passes and the improved Hurricanes shocked Boston College 30-6 for their third straight.

It was no contest when these two old blood rivals, Maryland's faubusness Tom Nugent and Clemson's rotund Frank Howard, got together at College Park. While Nugent gloomed gleefully on the sidelines, his young Tupperwarelover Howard's toothless Tigers for a 34-0 win. VIRGINIA'S Bob Davis and North Carolina's Gary Black traded touchdowns like so much worthless wampum—to a running and one passing for Davis, three passing for Black—but Virginia knocked the Tar Heels out of the Atlantic Coast race 31-27.

WEST VIRGINIA'S Southern Conference champions pulled down a 24-14 win over William & Mary on Quarterback Allan McCune's second touchdown pass.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NOTRE DAME (9-1)
2. NEBRASKA (9-0) 3. OHIO STATE (9-1)

Somebody, but not Duffy Daugherty, boasted before Michigan State played Ara Parseghian's unbeaten NOTRE DAME team, "We'll pluck that magic carpet from under the Armenian rug peddler." It is just as well Daugherty denied authorship, else things might have been worse than they were. His Spartans never had a chance. Parseghian sprang a new double-wing T on Michigan State, and Halfback Nick Eddy broke loose for 61 yards on Notre Dame's second play. After that the Irish just poured it on. While old Coaches Frank Leahy, Hughie Devare and Terry Brennan looked on wistfully, Quarterback Johnny Huarte passed for one touch-

down, ran 21 yards for a second and Notre Dame won going away, 34-7. "Once we got rolling," explained Parseghian, "well, it just felt too good to stop."

When MINNESOTA throttled Purdue 14-7, the Big Ten race was down to two teams—OHIO STATE and MICHIGAN. The Bucks, their defense running tough again under prodding by End Tom Kuchifus, came up with an I formation and some other unluckily Woody Hayes tricks, like a fake punt, and whipped Northwestern 10-0. Michigan started slowly against Iowa. Quarterback Bob Timberlake raked the Hawkeyes with his passes and runs.

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: Columbus Quarterback Archie Roberts, having his finest day in three years, completed 14 of 19 passes against Penn for 175 yards and three touchdowns, ran for 202, scored once, gained 177 yards.

LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK: Howard Twilley, elusive Tulsa end, caught six passes during run of North Texas State and now has a record 74. He also scored twice, kicked five extra points to lead all scorers with 92 points.

Fullback Mel Anthony shredded them for three touchdowns and Michigan won 34-20. The two teams meet Saturday at Columbus, and the winner goes to the Rose Bowl.

Indiana, in a scoring free-for-all with Oregon, came off second best, 29-21. Tom Nowatzke scored all 21 points for the Hoosiers, but Oregon's Bob Berry was equally effective, passing and running for three touchdowns. ILLINOIS' Jim Grabowski shattered old records all over Memorial Stadium as the Illini ran over Wisconsin 29-0. He carried 33 times for 239 yards to break Red Grange's 1924 school mark as well as a 29-year-old Big Ten record.

Oklahoma State, surprisingly, found a soft spot in NEBRASKA's usually staunch middle and exploited it for two touchdowns. But it was not enough to flag down the undefeated Huskers. Kent McCloughan roamed through the Cowpokes, little Frankie Solich ran back a kickoff 89 yards and Nebraska won 27-14 to stretch its winning streak to 16. Then the Huskers, who clinched a tie for the Big Eight title, accepted an invitation to the Cotton Bowl. In other games, OKLAHOMA and MISSOURI played to a 14-14 tie and KANSAS edged Colorado 10-7.

TULSA's Jerry Rhome and How and Twilley added up their new NCAA records after a 47-0 shelling of North Texas State. For Rhome, who completed 17 of 23 passes for 268 yards and four touchdowns, most completions—185; touchdown passes—27; yardage passing—2,320; total offense—2,541; most yardage in career—4,932. For Twilley, who caught six passes, most catches in a season—74.

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

Bowling Green's hopes for a perfect season went down the drain as Ohio U., with sophomore Wash Lyons bashing the Falcons mercilessly, upset BG 21-0.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ARKANSAS (9-2)
2. TEXAS (9-2) 3. TEXAS TECH (8-5-1)

Perhaps Darrell Royal wanted to impress Orange Bowl scouts in the press box. Whatever the reason, his Texas Longhorns opened up against TCU. Quarterback Marv Kristysak ran roll-outs and options (for 107 yards and two touchdowns) and even passed 11 times (completing six). But there was still an old Royal touch to the Texas attack. When the perplexed Frogs moved out to shut off the wide stuff, Fullback Harold Philipp ripped inside for 166 yards and two scores. The Longhorns beat TCU 28-13 and then accepted an invitation to play Alabama in the Orange Bowl.

Unbeaten ARKANSAS did not have to resort to new tricks to get to the Cotton Bowl (where it will play Nebraska). The Peckers went at SMU with their same old solid game—passes and runs by Quarterback Fred Marshall and a 78-yard punt return by Kenny Hatfield, who leads the nation in runbacks—and the poor Mustangs succumbed 44-0. SMU Coach Hayden Fry, asked if his team did anything differently, said sadly, "No, we did the same thing we've been doing. We lost."

TEXAS TECH, too, was still alive and very much available for a bowl. Donny Anderson slashed Washington State for 119 yards as Tech won 28-10. AIC, merely playing out the season, battered Texas A&M 19-8.

Houston came out passing against PENN STATE and found it was a mistake. The alert Lions picked off four passes, and the Cougars never had a chance. Fullback Tom Un-

bank smashed for 122 yards and a touchdown, and Safetyman Joe Vargo ran a punt back 78 yards for another as Penn State took its fourth straight, 24-7. ARIZONA shut out Texas Western 14-0.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OREGON (7-4-1)
2. OREGON STATE (5-2) 3. USC (5-2)

It was taking some doing for the West Coast to get a Rose Bowl team. Oregon State, the front runner last week, was upset by STANFORD 16-7, and now Oregon, USC and UCLA have a chance again. Happily, it will all be decided Saturday when Oregon State and Oregon meet and USC faces UCLA.

Spoiler Stanford, the only team to beat Oregon, gave Oregon State the same business. With sophomore Dave Lewis at quarterback and Coach Johnny Ralston calling the I formation plays from the bench, the Indians played impeccably—no fumbles, no interceptions and only five yards in penalties.

WASHINGTON, straightened out after some early problems, still had its hands full with UCLA. The Huskies, ahead 22-14 on Fullback Jeff Jordan's heavy pounding, had to turn back a two-point play after UCLA pulled up to 22-20 in the last quarter. California, even though it threatened half a dozen times, could not pierce UTAH's strict defense and lost, 14-0. The tough Utes gave Cal's Craig Morton the short pass (he completed 22) but latched on to his receivers when it counted. Little Ron Coleman's two touchdowns gave the game to Utah.

WYOMING and AAU FORCE battled to a 7-7 tie, but the other Western AC teams had better luck. NEW MEXICO routed Colorado State 42-0, MICHIGAN YOUNG trounced Western Michigan 43-8 and ARIZONA STATE outscored San Jose State 28-16. Utah State got a real shock, a 27-22 beating from ASU.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Ohio State over Michigan. A wounded Woody Hayes will not be stopped again.

Illinois over Illinois State. The Illini will atone for a disappointing season.

Notre Dame over Iowa. But not before Snook's passing gives the Irish fans

Nebraska over Oklahoma. The Sooners are not likely to spoil Nebraska's unbeaten year.

Kansas over Missouri. An even game, with Sayers the difference for the Jayhawks.

Florida State over Florida. Tensi gives State the edge in this neighborhood rumble.

Oregon over Oregon State. The Ducks are ready to spoil State's Rose Bowl hopes.

California over Stanford. Cal has lost some close ones. Morton will change the routine.

USC over UCLA. The UCLA defense is too loose to stop stubby Mike Garrett.

Yale over Harvard. The Elis, better at a pounding game, will fight more fiercely.

OTHER GAMES

AIR FORCE OVER OKLAHOMA
ARKANSAS OVER TEXAS TECH
DUKE OVER NORTH CAROLINA*
N. CAROLINA STATE OVER WAKE FOREST
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Purdue OVER INDIANA
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LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

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Dr Pepper Company, Dallas, Texas, 1964

Wispy and worrying, but he wins

Detroit's Roger Crozier doesn't look like a goalie and he doesn't act like a goalie. The only thing he does is stop goals like a goalie



ON HIS KNEES TO STOP A SHOT, GOALIE CROZIER LOOKS LIKE A SACRIFICIAL VICTIM

Before the current National Hockey League season began, Goalie Jacques Plante, a positive man and a six-time Vezina Trophy winner who has recently fallen on hard times, announced that young Roger Crozier would never make it as a goalie in the big time. But last week—as Plante himself struggled to hang on to his temporary job in the Ranger nets—young Crozier, the first-string goalie of the first-place Red Wings, seemed well on the way to winning a Vezina Trophy of his own. After 14 games of his first regular season, Crozier had the best goal-stopping average of any goalie in the NHL and the most shutouts. His play, along with that of the incomparable Forward Gordie Howe and iron Defenseman Doug Barkley, was the principal reason why Detroit was on top of the heap. In most preseason forecasts, the Wings had been assigned fourth place. "I'm glad we got off to such a good start," was all the still far-from-confident young goalie could say about all this last week. "If we hadn't, everybody would be on my back."

Actually, one look at pale, self-conscious Roger Crozier when he is not in the nets would convince almost any-

body that Plante was right. He is small and wispy, filled with doubts about his ability, and he even has an ulcer. He is the despair of coaches who try in vain to cure him of the habit of flopping and falling all over the ice, often in attempts to stop shots that would probably never reach the goal anyway. King Clancy, a one-time defenseman who is now assistant general manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs, calls Crozier "nothing but a Singer's Midget on the ice." "Roger himself, at 22 the youngest as well as the most effective goalie in the league, ponders all these criticisms with care. "I want to find out who my friends are," he says, his eyes seeming almost to brim with tears. "People are sitting around, waiting for the big collapse. They're waiting to say, 'I told you so.'"

But not everyone is waiting. Sid Abel, the Red Wing coach who got Crozier almost by accident, is thoroughly pleased with his man. "Crozier has the fastest hands of any goalie I've ever seen," says Abel, "and he is the quickest to get back on his feet after a fall." Moreover, says Abel, "Roger has the kind of personality that delights everyone." A superstitious youngster who hates to fly in planes and

always starts dressing on the left side to ward off any evil spirits that might be lurking, Crozier recently delighted his teammates after practice in the Montreal Forum by leaping on sturdy Gordie Howe's neck and riding him around the arena like a jockey.

The accident that brought Crozier to the Red Wings was a hothead named Howie Young (54, Nov. 12, 1962), a defenseman of such spectacular talents and belligerence that he cost the Red Wings far more in penalty time than he ever returned in goals. The Wings were so anxious to get rid of Howie after the season that they were willing to take almost anyone in trade. And when Chicago's Black Hawks offered up rookie Defenseman Ron Ingram with a goalie named Crozier tossed in, the Wings jumped at the deal. Ingram was promptly put in the Red Wing lineup and Crozier, an unsung member of Chicago's most minor minor-league farm team, was shipped off to Detroit's own minor league team in Pittsburgh. It was a positive surprise to the Red Wing brass when Crozier, called up to replace injured Terry Sawchuk in the Detroit nets, turned in a reasonably creditable

continued

performance. But then, as everyone knows, a defense always tightens up in front of a substitute goalie, so his success really did not prove much.

After the regular season was over, Crozier was called up again to stand in for Sawchuk in three Stanley Cup games. It was a rough time because he was tending Pittsburgh's nets in the American League's own Calder Cup playoffs and commuting back and forth between Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Quebec to do it. But even frazzled by fatigue and the nervous strain of air travel, he did well enough to convince Coach Abel that he could, if necessary, be the team's regular goalie. It was this reassurance that persuaded the Red Wing officials to leave Sawchuk unprotected in the draft. When Punch Imlach of the Maple Leafs, who has never let a first-class hockey player finger unprotected for long, grabbed Sawchuk as relief man for aged Johnny Bower, the Wings were left with Crozier, like him or not.

Like most professional goalies, Crozier

learned his trade early in life. Born in the little Canadian town of Bracebridge, about 100 miles north of Toronto, he was first shoved into the mouth of a hockey goal when he was 6, largely because he was too small to lodge an effective protest, but he grew to like it. A decade later, when he played for St. Catharines, he was selected the All-Star Goalie for three straight years. When he was 17, he developed his ulcer.

"I used to worry a lot," he explains. "I worried about pucks going past me into the net, and I worried about having a bad night. There was a time when I had to be careful about everything I ate, but things are better now."

Not every goalie has an ulcer, but they all have scars, and Roger is no exception. He has suffered two broken jawbones, had part of a front tooth knocked out by an errant hockey stick and sustained a shattered cheek. That was in his very first major league game when he was hit by a puck rifling off the stick of Frank Mahovlich, one of the

fastest shooters in hockey. Crozier got himself patched up in the dressing room and finished the game wearing a mask. Afterward he flew back to Detroit where he found out—in the hospital—that his cheekbone was mashed like chicken fricassee. Roger Crozier is a first-class warrior, but he does not worry much about things like shattered cheekbones. He worries about public opinion, about screened corner shots and about the Montreal Canadiens, who slipped an unbelievable nine goals past him in a single game last season. Last week, the Montrealers beat him to another four goals and tied up the league lead temporarily, but even in defeat edges Roger put on such a magnificent display of swan dives, lunges, lurches, kicks and one-hand catches in stopping some 25 other Canadian shots that rival Coach Toe Blake went out of his way to offer congratulations. No one, said Toe, could have stopped the four goals that went in, and that made Roger feel better—for the moment anyway.

END

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When Mickey Wright did nothing wrong

On the last day of an LPGA tournament in Texas, the tour's finest player turned in the best round of golf ever shot by a woman—a 62 which included eight birdies and an eagle on a course that was far from easy

Mickey Wright, the best woman golfer of all time, is an Alexander the Great in Bermuda shorts. She is only 29, but for her there are very few records left to break, frontiers to push back or worlds to conquer. It wears her, it depresses her. A couple of weeks ago she confided in the director of the Ladies PGA tour, Lennie Wirtz, that she was in a mood to retire.

"You can't," Wirtz protested, dismayed at the mere thought of the tour's biggest gate attraction vanishing from the scene. "There's a lot you haven't done yet. You don't even hold the record for the lowest 18-hole score."

So the other day it happened that Mickey Wright walked off the 18th green of the Hogan Park Golf Course in Midland, Texas in a daze, but not in too much of a daze to go to a pay phone and call Lennie Wirtz.

"You know that scoring record?" she

said. "Mr. Wirtz, I've got it now."

What she had done was shoot a nine-under-par 62 that broke the old LPGA record of 64 held by Patty Berg and Ruth Jessen. She set the mark on a testing 6,286-yard course where the men's record is 66. Some of the best male amateurs in Texas had played from the same tees in a tournament three days before, and the lowest scores were three 69s. Mickey herself had done no better than a 73 and a 72 in the first two days of what was officially called the Tall City Open. Thus her 62 stands, without ifs, ands or buts, as the finest round of golf ever played by a woman.

Nor did her day end there. Her 62 only enabled her to tie Sherry Wheeler for first place in the tournament. Mickey went back out and birdied two straight holes to win a sudden-death playoff.

Mickey Wright is tall and blonde and she wears crisp, neat blouses, crisp, neat

shorts, and crisp, neat eyeglasses. On a golf course she appears to be all business, like an upper-echelon executive's thoroughly efficient secretary. But in reality she is leaping from emotional cloud to emotional cloud. She is such a long hitter, so accurate and so dedicated to the game, that many observers are surprised she does not win every tournament she enters. For Mickey Wright, however, the toughest person to beat has always been Mickey Wright.

"Sometimes I lose control of my emotions so completely," she has said, "that I don't even know where I am or that it's me hitting the ball."

The other week at Midland the emotional barometer had swung to another extreme. An inner voice was not only telling her where she was but that she could break the scoring record.

"It sounds cuckoo," she said later, "but I remember it clearly. I'd say to myself: 'O.K., don't let it slip away a shot at a time. You have an opportunity to shoot a really great round. Work hard. Bear down. Keep going.'"

Ordinarily Mickey keeps her emotions to herself, but on this Sunday she was feeling so high that she had to share the exhilaration with the crowd that followed her. "I don't usually emote much in public," she said, "but for some reason, after the first few holes, I'd grin and laugh each time I tapped a putt in. And the crowd really seemed to be with me. I've never felt so much electricity. Between shots the gallery was so quiet I could hear myself breathe."

On the first tee Sunday morning she had stood 11th in the tournament, 10 shots behind the leader, Kathy Whitworth. She had only the barest hope of materially improving her position. Practically every hole on the Hogan Park course is a dogleg. The rough is sage, mesquite and sand, the greens large and fast. Mickey had gambled recklessly in



THE FINAL PUTT goes in on the 18th, giving Mickey her record round. Good for a par, it also enabled her to tie for the lead in the tournament. She went on to win the playoff.

HOLE	WHITE	RED	P.A.S.	HANDICAP	HOLE	WHITE	RED	P.A.S.	HANDICAP
1	445	457	3	4	10	171	4	4	11
2	330	342	4	4	11	341	11	4	12
3	140	152	3	3	12	151	343	4	13
4	335	347	4	5	13	151	167	3	14
5	375	387	4	4	14	185	187	4	15
6	175	187	3	3	15	175	387	4	16
7	385	397	4	5	16	140	152	3	17
8	300	312	3	4	17	300	312	3	18
9	355	367	4	4	18	380	392	4	19
Out	3040	3148	34	39	19	171	4	4	20
Mickey Wright					John Unitas				
Ed Crook					Mickey Wright				

THE ACTUAL SCORECARD, which will go to the LPGA Hall of Fame in Augusta, Ga., shows how the 30-32 was made. Mickey signed it in a nervous scrawl, and it was attested by partners Clifford Ann Crook and Kathy Cornelius.

her two previous rounds, trying to cut the corners of the doglegs but ending up in the sage-strewn rough instead. Now she resolved to play safe and keep the ball in the fairway.

On the first hole, a 457-yard par-5, she reached the green with a second shot that stopped only 18 inches from the pin for an easy eagle 3. She birdied the second hole with a tight wedge shot and the third with a 15-foot putt. This was a very fast start, but clubhouse grillrooms echo with stories about golfers who have started fast on the first three holes and fizzled on the next 15. Mickey Wright's round went into the golfing equivalent of overdrive on the 4th hole. To make another birdie she had to roll her 25-foot putt into a cup that was on the side of a mound.

"Son of a gun, it went right in," she said later. "Now I started getting scared. I knew I was onto something."

She certainly was. She had had many rounds like this before, when every drive was prodigiously long, when every iron shot bore directly toward the flagstick. But this day, for a change, her putting matched the rest of her game. After four pars, she rolled in a birdie putt of 12 feet on the 9th green. Her outgoing 30 tied the LPGA record. On the 10th she hit a deft, courageous sand wedge off bare dirt to set up another birdie, and her momentum carried her smoothly past the only bogey of the day, on 11, where she missed the green with a five-

iron and chipped weakly. She birdied the par-4, 407-yard 14th with a 15-foot putt, and another putt of 15 feet gave her a birdie on the 15th. Her last birdie came at the 17th, where she tapped in a curling, eight-foot downhill. Now she even had a chance to win the tournament.

"Not until I stood on the 18th green," she said, "did it enter my mind that I could win." The record had been in her mind all along—which shows what interests Mickey Wright these days. She two-putted for a par on the 18th and then brought herself down to 11 under par for the day with the birdies on the two extra holes.

Mickey has only the barest recollection of accepting the winner's check of \$1,350. She was in a warm fog, and the mist did not clear until the next day as she cruised along the highway toward Dallas in her new sedan. She put on the brakes, swung the car onto the gravel parking lot of a roadside cafe and fished in her purse for a piece of scratch paper. Most touring golf professionals can recall for years even the very routine rounds, club by club and putt by putt, but Mickey was not about to trust her precious 62 to anything so capricious as memory. She found a letter and on the back of it jotted down the numbers of every club she had used, every shot of her glorious round. Now the challenge falls to LPGA Director Wirtz. When Mickey feels in a mood to retire again, what can he tell her?

END



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Untouchable and inaudible

At the National Horse Show a chestnut gelding named Untouchable was just that, but the audience was not sure, thanks to grumbled announcing

It was feast or famine at New York's National Horse Show last week. Some classes overflowed, others were sparsely populated and one whole division was dropped for lack of entries. Although there was no shortage of horses in Madison Square Garden—a record 670, as a matter of fact—the unbalanced program left spectators surfeited with prime jumpers, working hunters and junior riders, but starved for harness ponies and for quality horses in the saddle division.

The international jumping, normally the drawing card of the show, offered the usual five teams but little competition. Argentina, Brazil, Canada and Mexico met a U.S. Equestrian Team just back from Tokyo and, despite the fact that the horses and riders had been campaigning since spring, the U.S. team outclassed its competitors, winning eight events with embarrassing ease, as well as the team and individual championships. The Canadians won three events. Jim Day, an 18-year-old newcomer and certainly a welcome addition to any horse show, accounted for two of the Canadian triumphs. Tom Gayford on durable Blue Beau, the horse that jumped 7 feet 1 inch two years ago, captured the final event, the Grand Prix of New York, and, as a result, became the leading foreign rider.

But the competition for the individual championship, though mainly an intramural affair among three of the U.S. riders and Jim Day, was close and spirited. Bill Steinkraus, Frank Chapot and Kathy Kusner were the three U.S. leaders. It was 25-year-old Kathy on Untouchable who won—by a close two points. She had conquered three classes on the chestnut gelding, including the two-part Grand Prix of North America.

Garden triumphs are not new to Kathy. Last year she rode Untouchable in the open jumper classes, and the horse won the championship. Owner Ben O'Meara then lent Untouchable to the

U.S. team, a gesture few professional trainers would make. Most horses donated or lent to the USET are offered by wealthy owners, not by professionals who generally need their equine stars both for money and prestige. After last year's National, O'Meara sold Jacksonbetter—which he had ridden to the reserve spot behind his Untouchable—to Neal Shapiro, so this year he had the pleasure of watching two O'Meara-trained horses jumping for the U.S. Even though Jacksonbetter was not a standout in the international events (mainly because Shapiro lacks experience) the horse still won the PHA Championship for 1964, based on points accumulated in open events throughout the year.

Even with Untouchable on the U.S. team and Jacksonbetter sold, O'Meara was not out of himself for this year's National. He had two entries in the open jumping division. With The Hood, a leggy black gelding, he won the Purvisance at 6 feet 9 inches, as well as a combined open and international event, the first such class since World War II. To no one's great surprise, The Hood also won the Jumper Championship.



ANNOUNCER TROWBRIDGE MUMBLES ON

Although the show had some very good jumping, most of the classes lasted much too long. Almost 40 jumpers were entered, surprising in view of the fact that other shows in the area have had to cancel the division for lack of entries. Thanks to extremely poor scheduling, long hours and the unevenness of the classes, the show will be remembered for its many deficiencies rather than its few highlights.

Once again the announcing was execrable. It was not the fault of the public-address system, for when Announcer Otis Trowbridge got laryngitis—it was hard to discern just when *that* occurred—the show's assistant secretary, Robert Chamberlain, spelled him at the mike and was clearly understood. Furthermore, Chamberlain sounded interested in what he was saying. Admittedly, the announcer's lot is not a happy one. He must call the horses up for their classes as well as inform the public—ostensibly—at morning, matinee and evening classes. When Trowbridge did give information, his mumbling presentation and the mangling of the names of the foreign riders and horses were more exasperating than enlightening. Walter B. Devereux, the affable and often president of the National, does not plan to replace Trowbridge. He likes him personally. Judging by the dissatisfaction of this year's patrons, they soon may be talking only to each other.

One of the foolish reasons for the paucity of information is the specious notion that news will reduce program sales. If it did, it should. The catalog, which sold for \$2, presented the bewildered spectator with a blank page for international events, with lines to be filled in by hand (and by ear from Mr. Trowbridge) as the class was in progress. The riders are listed in the front of the book, and the horses' names (without any description of height, age, sex, color) are in the back, so a great time can be had by all playing guess who.

Another annual defect is the molasses-moving jump crew, which sets up and removes the fences and also removes, by sheer boredom, many spectators. On late nights the members of the jump crew get compensatory pay. They got a lot of it last week.

END



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Three pairs for one team

This week in Dallas 18 top bridge pairs will compete for positions on the team that will represent North America in the 1965 World Championships. The Trials, as the competition is called, will last six days and will be a round robin. Each pair will play a 20-deal match against the other 17. The three pairs with the highest total scores will have made the team.

I will not attempt to explain the complicated scoring system used at the Trials other than to say that in any given round, the same deal is played at all nine tables, thus eliminating as much as possible the element of luck. Under the scoring system one pair can beat another by as much as 60-0 or as little as 31-29. In theory a pair could qualify for the team with four big wins and 13 narrow defeats. This may seem like a negative road to success, but it is not. The secret of winning a team match such as the World Championship is not so much the occasional brilliant play but the avoidance of errors. No team can afford partnership misunderstandings or a player who is accident prone. Thus it becomes clear that a team with three excellent pairs will beat a team with six brilliant individuals.

The task of predicting which pairs will make the team is not easy. If there can be a favorite pair in such a strong field as this it is Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson, the young men who played so well on our 1963 and 1964 international teams. Steady and cool, these two are unlikely to be beaten badly in any match. Should they make the team, they will become the first pair to qualify by trial in three successive years. Next I choose the long-established Canadian partnership of Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela. Murray was a member of the 1962 team, while Kehela, well versed in European bidding systems, coached our team in 1963. Together they beat a strong U.S. contingent in the Masters Knockout Team Championship this year.

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The Holiday 1962



For the third position on the team I offer four pairs. Lew Mathe, a player of great skill whom many considered one of the most effective in the world, is teamed with young Eddie Kantor. But this is a new partnership, and new partnerships often make major mistakes. Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt and Harold Ogust and Boris Koytchou form old partnerships, and either could finish in the top three. Lastly there is a dark-horse pair, that of Bruce Elliott and Percy Sheardown, both Canadians. Elliott is a lifetime victim of cerebral palsy. Sheardown served with distinction in the RCAF during World War II and was winning important bridge tournaments long before that. Elliott and Sheardown were the teammates of Murray and Kiehel in their winning effort in Toronto, playing every session. As a further indication of their stamina, they also played in the Life Masters Pairs event, finishing second. This was one of their better hands from that event:

*Neither side vulnerable
North dealer*

NORTH

♠ J
♥ A Q J 5 3
♦ A Q 7
♣ K 6 5 4

WEST

♠ 7 6 5 4
♥ K 4
♦ 10 6 5 2
♣ A 3

EAST

♠ A 2
♥ K 9 6 2
♦ 5 3
♣ J 10 9 2

SOUTH

♠ K Q 10 3
♥ 10 7
♦ K J 8 4
♣ A Q 7

Opening lead: 8 of spades

Conservative bidding landed Sheardown in a three-no-trump contract with the South hand, with slam depending on little more than a successful heart finesse. Sheardown converted this into a top score by playing for the heart king to be wrong.

East won the first trick with the spade ace and returned the suit. Sheardown cashed his good spades and diamonds and discarded all of dummy's hearts except the ace. Next he led to the heart ace. East, who realized the need to keep his four clubs, had blanked his king of hearts. When it dropped under the ace, South came back to his hand with a high club and cashed the 10 of hearts for the trick that brought his winning total to 12. Of course, whatever East played would have been of no avail. If he held a guard for the king of hearts his clubs would drop and North would make the last trick with a long club. **END**

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When Art Rooney founded pro football's Pittsburgh Steelers a black notebook served as his office, a handshake closed his deals and he dreamed of championships. Since then he has become a millionaire, made a million friends, built a million-dollar racing interest and has given up trying to run things from a black book. But he and Pittsburgh are still looking for that title

The Winning Ways of a Thirty-year Loser

BY GERALD HOLLAND

CONTINUED

Art Rooney, owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers football club, stood in the lobby of Pittsburgh's Roosevelt Hotel in his stocking feet. Clenched between his teeth was a 6c stogie made of tobacco grown in the Amish country of Pennsylvania. His coat pockets bulged with a variety of papers, postcards, racetrack programs on which he had noted his winnings for income-tax purposes, a small, fat notebook bound with a stout rubber band, more stogies and an apparently inexhaustible supply of large Havana-type cigars of which he would chew one half and smoke the other.

The little black notebook was, by all odds, the most important item in the assortment. It has been called Art Rooney's private office. It contains the most detailed information about some of his principal interests: the Steelers, the grain market, the whereabouts of his running horses, the state of affairs at Shamrock, his Thoroughbred breeding farm of 387 acres in Sykesville, Md. and all pertinent facts concerning the 50 days of racing he conducts at the Liberty Bell Park harness-racing track just outside Philadelphia. There was a time when Rooney was able to run all his business out of the black notebook—football, fight promoting (he put on the heavyweight fight in which Jersey Joe Walcott took the championship from Ezzard Charles), political maneuvering as Republican boss of Pittsburgh's 22nd Ward, big-time wagering on horses. But the black book does not suffice today. In an era of multimillion-

dollar professional football, Rooney finds he must call upon the familiar accouterments of modern business—lawyers and accountants, mouthpieces and peacemakers. Yet he clings to the little book just the same and yearns for the old days when a handshake was enough to commit a man to a business deal or put a few grand riding on the nose of a horse.

As Art Rooney stood talking in the hotel lobby, Boots Lewis, who—when he has nothing better to do—operates the shoe-shining concession in the barber shop, came hurrying up with a pair of shoes. "You did it again, Mr. Rooney," Boots said. "I take off your shoes in your office, and you forget and go walking across the lobby in your socks."

Rooney looked down and laughed. "Well, what do you know," he said, slipping his feet into the shoes. He held out one foot and nodded. "That's as fine a shine as I ever saw. Nobody can put a shine on a shoe like you, Boots."

Boots frowned a little. "Anybody can shine a shoe," he said. Boots takes no pride in the art. Shoe-shining is a sometime thing with him. His true role is that of personal aide to Coach Buddy Parker of the Steelers. They have been together since Parker's days at Centenary College, and during the season Boots takes on stature as close friend and confidante of the head man.

Even with his shoes on, Art Rooney stood a little below average height—chunky, thick-necked, his iron-gray hair brushed back in a way that gave it the look of a tall, thinning crew cut. He seemed completely relaxed, for all the complicated entries in that little black book of his.

Considering that Pittsburgh has suffered through 30 seasons without an NFL championship and is now making giant strides toward extending this nonrecord to 31, Rooney and his team have held the affection of the fans remarkably well. This season Quarterback Ed Brown and Coach Parker have been roundly booed when things went badly during home games, and in his booth, next to the television broadcasters, Art Rooney has cringed—although his name has not been mentioned in the assortment of uncomplimentary yells. Yet, given a bit of luck and some fair weather, the attendance should be even better this season than last, for the Steelers are playing all their home games in the 55,000-seat Pitt Stadium instead of Forbes Field, home of the Pirates, which has a capacity of only 35,500 and is not designed to show pro football to its best advantage.

As for Rooney, Pittsburgh fans



Rooney, a frequent visitor at training camp and practice sessions, assesses with some pleasure this season's most noteworthy Steeler, Fullback John Henry Johnson.

seem to agree that he has been in there trying ever since he stopped treating the Steelers as some kind of hilarious hobby. Those were the days when the Steeler offices were on the ground floor of the Fort Pitt Hotel. Rooney kept them open around the clock, and guests—pals from the fields of sports and politics—used to come in and leave through a window that opened onto the street instead of taking the long way around through the hotel lobby. In 1946 Rooney moved the Steelers to the fourth floor of an office building, and he recalls how Pie Traynor, the old Pittsburgh ballplayer and a regular at the nightly card games at the Fort Pitt, refused to come into the new offices at all. He was sure that he would forget where he was and step through the fourth-floor window some night. The offices are back on the ground floor at the Roosevelt now, but there are no windows opening on the street, and the formal entrances and exits through doorways seem to have had the effect of creating a certain air of dignity that the old crowd would have found oppressive.

Rooney showed he was going to take his football team more seriously in 1946, when he hired Jack Sutherland, the University of Pittsburgh's famous coach. Before that he had established a record for player salaries when he paid Byron (Whizzer) White, now a Justice of the Supreme Court, \$15,900 for the 1938 season. Buddy Parker is among the highest-paid headcoaches in the NFL. Moreover, Parker is given all the assistants he wants (he is getting along with six) and a completely free hand in directing the team. When Parker decided that the squad should train in Kingston, R.I. last summer, Rooney agreed, although it meant spending \$40,000 more than it would have cost to train the Steelers somewhere closer to Pittsburgh's steel mills.

Back in the Roosevelt Hotel lobby, shoes glistening and on his feet, Art Rooney was launched into a conversation on one of his favorite topics, the Steelers of yesteryear.

"We've had some great players and some great characters on this club," he said. "I guess my all-time favorite among the players was Bill Dudley. I named one of my horses Bullet Bill after him. Dudley was an All-America from the University of Virginia, and when he came with us in 1942 it took just one play for him to show us what he had and what we had. In the first minute of the game he ran 44 yards, through right guard for a touchdown. Then there was Whizzer White, Jimmy Finks, Bobby Layne, Big Daddy Lipscomb, Iron Man Fran Rogel—I named a horse after him, too—Johnny Blood. . . ."

Rooney stopped and laughed. "There was never anybody to match Johnny. If he had put his mind to it, he could have been one of the great coaches of all time. Nobody had the players' loyalty like Johnny. But he was footloose, and sometimes he was AWOL when he found something more interesting to do. But you couldn't get mad at Johnny. At least, you couldn't stay mad." He thought a moment. "By golly," he said, "if I ever get a real good horse, I'm going to name him Johnny Blood."

"Getting back to characters, there was Jack Slee. I'll never forget the day—"

A man who had come a way to hear Art Rooney broke in: "I don't recall anybody named Jack Slee playing with the Steelers."

Rooney grinned. "Jack Slee didn't play. I'll tell you about him. I was in my office one day in 1952, and the girl came in and said there was a Father Jack Slee asking to see me. I told her to send the reverend in, and in comes a tall, good-looking fellow wearing a clerical collar. 'Father Jack Slee here,' he says. 'It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Rooney.' 'Likewise, Father,' I said, 'and what can I do for you?'

"Father Slee came right to the point. 'Mr. Rooney,' he said, 'I'm crazy about football and I'm a real fan of the Steelers. I wonder if I could ask you a mighty big favor?'

"I said I would do anything I could for him, and I asked him just what he had in mind. 'Mr. Rooney,' he said, 'some pro teams have chaplains and you don't seem to have any. I wonder if you would consider me as a chaplain—at least give me a tryout, and let me sit on the bench for the Giants' game?'

"Well, sir, I have a lot of friends who are priests, and I went to Catholic schools, and somehow Father Jack Slee didn't seem to have quite the kind of priestly manner I had been accustomed to. So I came right out and asked him, 'You a Roman?'

"Jack Slee looked me in the eye and said, 'No, Mr. Rooney, I am not. I am an Episcopalian. I'm aware that you are a Roman. Does the fact that I'm an Episcopalian rule me out as a candidate for the chaplain's job? Does it mean I can't sit on the bench?'

"I said it meant nothing of the kind. I told Jack Slee that I hoped I was as broad-minded as the next man. I think I said he would be perfectly welcome to sit on our bench for the Giants' game. I didn't commit myself beyond that. Well, Jack Slee was like a kid, he was so happy. He said he couldn't thank me enough and that he just wished there was something he could do for me. He was so grateful that I kind of eased him toward the door before he started giving me an Episcopalian blessing."

Rooney chuckled at the thought.

"Did Jack Slee show up on the bench for the Giants' game?" asked the man in the lobby.

"Did he show up?" cried Rooney. "He not only showed up, but he brought us the biggest bundle of luck we ever had. We played in the snow at Forbes Field and we beat the Giants 63-7, the worst licking in their history. I thought I was dreaming."

Rooney took a deep breath. "Afterward Steve Owen, the Giants' coach, growled at me, 'What got into your guys today?' 'Why,' I said, 'we got a chaplain. You didn't have a chance.'"

"Holy mackerel!" cried the other man. "How come you didn't win the championship that year?"

Rooney put on a long face. "We lost Jack Slee," he said

continued

soberly. "He was transferred to Los Angeles. Showed up on the bench as chaplain of the Rams. Jack Slee and the Rams beat us 28-14." He started away. "Good seeing you," he called back, and he walked into the office of Ed Kiely, the Steelers' publicity director.

Kiely looked up from his typewriter as Rooney entered. "Say, Ed," said Rooney, "there's a fellow I've got to see in Cincinnati and I ought to go down to the farm. Tom Barry has a matter to discuss at Monmouth, and then I thought I'd drive over to Aqueduct and see Bob Duncan." (Barry and Duncan train Rooney horses.)

Kiely shook his head. "No, Art," he said, "you can't duck this dinner tonight. CBS has the television sponsors and the agency men coming, and they're counting on you."

"Will I have to make a speech?"

"Just a few words," said Kiely.

"What will I say?"

"Well," said Kiely, "I imagine you would want to say the league appreciates the \$28 million CBS is paying for the TV rights this season and next, and that the Steelers are glad to have their \$2 million share."

"O.K.," said Rooney, "but next day I've got to go to Cincinnati and to the farm, and next week Kathleen [Mrs. Rooney] and I have to go to Canada."

Kiely nodded. "After the CBS dinner," he said, "you're on your way."

(Art Rooney is almost always on his way somewhere. It is a rare week that Pittsburgh does not see him, but it is also a rare week that Pittsburgh sees him seven days in a row. What with his Thoroughbreds running at tracks all around the East, his harness-racing interests, the wakes, the funerals, the banquets, his trips with the Steelers in training and during the season, Art Rooney is on the road or in the air almost constantly. Frequently he flies to New York's Aqueduct track and back the same day. Sometimes it is Aqueduct in the afternoon and the trotters in Philadelphia that evening. His friends and his family may rarely know where he is, but they always know where he has just been because he is a compulsive writer of postcards.)

The CBS dinner, as Rooney judges such affairs, was a pleasant surprise. Bill MacFhail, CBS vice-president, gave him the briefest of introductions, and Rooney responded with a very few remarks expressing his complete satisfaction with getting \$2 million. After a round of longer speeches, in which the television and advertising men talked mostly about themselves, the party fell into comfortable disarray, generating the kind of conversation about sports and politics that Art Rooney enjoys most.

What Art Rooney enjoys least are affairs at which he is singled out for testimonials by his Pittsburgh admirers. He seems to suffer acutely when, as often happens, attention is called to his contributions to sports, charities and pals in jams. "It's no pose with Art," says one lifelong friend. "Nothing gives him more satisfaction than helping a man down on his luck, but nothing embarrasses him more than to be given credit for it publicly."

One can only guess at his discomfort last spring when Pittsburgh's Saints and Sinners honored him at a banquet that observed his 63rd birthday and his 30 years as owner of the Steelers.

Mayor Joseph M. Barr lauded Rooney as a devoted father of five and grandfather of 15, a man who brought pro football out of the dark ages, a man loyal to etc. etc. Carl Hanford, who once trained horses for Rooney, said, "It was a great day for me when I got Keko to train, but my greatest day in racing was the day I met Art Rooney." NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle and Allie Sherman, coach of the Giants, said Art Rooney was a nice man. Other speakers reviewed his athletic career in boxing (he was once welterweight amateur champion of Pittsburgh), football and baseball. Both he and his brother, Dan, now a Franciscan priest, were offered major-league contracts, and Elmer Daily, onetime president of the Mid-Atlantic League, recalled that Art had hit .372 and Dan had hit .359 when they were teammates on the Wheeling, W. Va. club. Steeler Coach Buddy Parker declared Art Rooney was indeed a nice man, and so did Bullet Bill Dudley and Johnny Blood McNally and John Galbreath and Danny Murtaugh. By then Rooney looked as if he were wishing he had not spent 63 years being so damn nice.

Rooney's induction into the professional football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio in September brought out another rash of complimentary notices, including mention of his celebrated betting coup in 1937 when he was reported to have won a quarter of a million dollars at New York's old Empire City track and at Saratoga. (Rooney professes not to know exactly how much he won but admits that it was "quite a lot.") Mention of Rooney's big score quite naturally led newspapermen into recalling that he sent a large share of his winnings to a Pittsburgh orphanage, another bundle to his brother, then a missionary in China, and scattered smaller gifts to down-and-outers who came running to congratulate him.

There is only one act of charity that Rooney willingly recounts. "I was at the races at Narragansett one day and happened to have a winner. I was coming away from the cashier's window when I noticed a little old lady dressed all in black. She was standing against a wall, crying bitter tears. I walked over and said, 'Ma'am, are you ill? Can I do anything for you?' She turned to me, the tears streaming. 'No, sir,' she said, 'Nobody can help me now. I've lost my rent money and the medicine money for my little grandson who's lying there in our furnished room getting weaker by the minute with the whooping cough. I came out to the track, praying that I would have a winner to buy medicine for the little tyke. But my horse lost by a lip, and now I don't know what to do. But it's all right, sir. Don't you mind. You're a fine gentleman and you just go ahead and enjoy your winnings with a champagne and lobster dinner somewhere. I'll get by somehow.' Well, I reached into my

continued



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pocket and pulled out a \$100 bill. "Take this, my dear lady," I said. "Pay your rent and get the medicine for the little boy. Say a prayer, and I'm sure something good will turn up for you." Well, on the way to my hotel, I was riding with a well-known tout and I told him the story. I thought he would laugh himself sick. "You've been taken by Winnie the Weeper," he said. "That old doll has been hanging around the \$50 cashier's window and working that act with stringers for years."

Rooney shook his head. "I still think The Weeper deserved the money. She gave a great performance."

With Art Rooney playing himself down and public speakers and sports-writers playing him up, it is difficult to get a dispassionate opinion about him.

Of course, if Rooney were ever to agree to the proposition that he run for mayor (an idea that occurs to his admirers from time to time), some political opponents might come forward with insinuations and innuendos calculated to tarnish his public image. It might be recalled that he was the right-hand man of State Senator James J. Coyne, the Republican boss of the 1920s and 1930s, a time when bootlegging, bookmaking and other diversions are said to have flourished on Pittsburgh's North Side. It might be mentioned that Rooney did nothing that could be construed as an unwillingness to aid and abet Senator Coyne in his efforts to run Pittsburgh for the greater good of the Republican Party. No doubt a political foe would deplore Rooney's associations with bookmakers and piously wonder aloud about that great betting coup of 1937.

But it wouldn't work. For one thing, Rooney's association with Senator Coyne, the onetime political boss, has been turned to his advantage. Former Governor David Lawrence, now a special assistant to President Johnson at the White House, says: "Art is a true-blue kind of guy who will be with you when you lose. His deep loyalty to Senator Coyne as a leader on the North Side made a lasting impression on me. When Coyne was on the way out, and the rats were skipping ship to join the Democrats who were on the way in, Rooney stuck

with Coyne to the bitter end. That's the quality I admire most in a man." As for Rooney's adventures as a horseplayer, there is no record of a man losing large numbers of admirers by beating the races.

Of course, Rooney has no intention of running for mayor or anything else. In view of his dislike for making formal speeches, he probably would not make much of a campaigner. His talent is in personal contact with people: like many another old-line politician, Rooney has a way of convincing a man that running into him has made his day. "I want you to know," he may say (perhaps to a person of some importance or to an usher at the racetrack), "that I always enjoy your company. Just talking to you gives me a lift. Everybody who knows you speaks well of you."

In Pittsburgh only a few old pals have ever talked about Rooney with anything less than reverence. One of these was the late Owney McManus, a veteran of decades of Pittsburgh political wars.

"Rooney? Rooney is a scoundrel," Owney McManus liked to say as a pre-amble. Then you could all but see him step up on a large soapbox—large because he was a short man, a handicap in the days when a precinct politician wasn't much better than the distance his voice would carry—and you could brace yourself for an address.

"Oh, that Rooney!" Owney McManus would say. "The things we have been through. Now Art, he was Republican boss of the 22nd Ward and I was head man for the Democrats in the Second. But that didn't affect our friendship. We used to make the round of saloons together, the sawdust-on-the-floor joints, mind—we never went to cabarets. Now, it was my ambition in these days to get a saloon of my own. I thought if I could have my own place I could have my own way and be looked up to, don't you know? Well, I finally realized my ambition. I got a place near City Hall, and it was a grand success. It became the official hangout for newspapermen, politicians, judges, prizefighters, football players, bookies—all first class. I was in my glory. I was there early and late. Naturally, I had to drink with the boys

continued

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WINNING LOSER *continued*

and, as the day wore on, the effects began to show. I suppose, I've always been a great talker, but I never thought I was getting out of hand until my customers took it into their heads to throw me out one night. 'On what grounds?' I demanded to know. 'I'm in this place. On what grounds is the proprietor thrown out of his saloon?' They'd make some claim that I was guilty of monopolizing conversations. Pretty soon I was being thrown out of my own saloon every night. And did Art Rooney come to my assistance? He did not. 'Art,' I'd plead with him as they hustled me to the door, 'Art, stop them! Let reason prevail here. Art! Remember what we've been through together!'

'Oh, that Rooney! You know what he'd say?' He'd take a sip of his beer and point a finger at the lads giving me the bum's rush and he'd yell, 'Throw him out!' I even went to the extreme one day of refusing to drink anything at all. But did that stop Rooney and his gang? It did not. Cold sober, I was thrown out. That is man's final degradation—to be thrown out of his own place, sober.'

Now Owney McManus would pause, figuring his audience needed a chance to stick in a 'you don't say' or a 'you tell 'em, Owney,' depending on whether they happened to be strangers or friends. Then he was off again.

'I think,' he would say, 'that I am the only Democrat who ever managed a Republican candidate's campaign. That was the one time Art Rooney ran for public office. The office was Register of Wills for Allegheny County. I thought Art was a shoo-in—he was that popular—until he made his one and only speech. I could hardly believe my ears. Art got up and said he didn't know the first thing about being Register of Wills, he didn't even know where the office of the Register was located. But, he said, he thought he could find his way to the office by consulting the phone directory and also that he was confident he could find assistants able to execute the functions of the office.'

'That was when I took over his campaign. I gave Art a stiff talking-to. 'You've got to try to make up for that disaster of a speech, Art.' I said, 'and

there's not much time. We've got to put on an intensive campaign and take this matter to the voters on a man-to-man basis. Art, we've got to make a whirlwind tour of every saloon in Allegheny County. That's where we'll find the voters in their most receptive mood.' Well, sir, Art agreed and off we went on our whirlwind tour. In each place, after buying a round of drinks, I would get up and give out various versions of Art's life story. I would tell how his father ran a respectable saloon, no women allowed, across from Exposition Park, as tough a neighborhood as there ever was. I told how Art and his brother Dan were the unofficial champions at street fighting and how Dan, the scinty man who now wears the holy robes of a Franciscan priest, had knocked out more men in street fights than Harry Greb and Jack Dempsey had in the ring.

'In some places the voters would call for a speech from Art, but I knew he would run everything, and so I would say, 'Have another drink, boys, other voters await the candidate.'

'In some of the better places, where the saw dust was changed daily, I would touch on Art Rooney's intellectual accomplishments. 'The man is entirely self-educated,' I would say, 'although there are certain enemies who are spreading the ugly story that Art is a college man. Now, it is charged that Art Rooney attended Dequesne and Georgetown universities and Indiana State Normal. We admit, gentlemen, that Mr. Rooney did indeed visit these institutions, but we can prove that he was merely a student-in-transit and never stayed after the football season.'

How did Art Rooney lose the election with all my guidance? The answer is that I made a slight miscalculation on our whirlwind tour of the saloons. I was in a place that I hadn't ever seen previously and I was making a rousing speech, something to the effect that if the voters wanted a fighting Register of Wills for Allegheny County, Rooney was their man. The bartender called me aside. 'Did you say your man was running for office in Allegheny County?' I replied,

continued



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WINNING LOSER continued

"Of course, of course, where else?" "Well," said the bartender, "you've overshot your mark, friend. You are now in Washington County." I was aghast when I realized what I had done. In modern political talk, as Art's campaign manager I had peaked too soon.

"I'll tell you what kind of scoundrel Rooney really is. The old kind. He still lives in his house in the 22nd Ward where all his children were born and raised. It used to be a grand neighborhood, the mansions of the Fricks and the Mellons were there. But no more. The mansions have become hot-plate rooming houses. Rooney's neighbors today are mostly hillbillies and sword swallows. If you are invited over some evening, it might be wise to carry a ball bat."

Owney would let you reflect on that for a moment, let you wonder if a ball bat was enough to win a duel with a sword swallower. Then he would conclude:

"Well, most of us slow down as the years go by. But not that Rooney. Not

only does he make all the football trips with the Steelers, he's on the go all the time all year long. Before there was a speed limit on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, he'd hit a hundred miles an hour at the wheel of his car. Now he's down to 70, but only because of the cops. I don't see how he does it. 'Slow down, Art Rooney,' I keep telling him. 'Stop to think about things. Slow down.' But he won't. Of course, I get him to as many wakes as I can for recreation, and there's always a game of pinochle with Father James Campbell and me one night a week. He'd rather win 50¢ from me at pinochle than win the Kentucky Derby."

Owney McManus can't deliver his Rooney address anymore. Not so many Monday nights ago he died—died, he would want it recorded, after suffering a stroke while playing pinochle with Father James Campbell and that scoundrel, Art Rooney.

In his office at the Roosevelt Hotel the other day, Rooney leaned back in his

chair, put his feet up on the desk and looked up at three pictures of players that hang on the wall—photographs of Whizzer White, Bill Dudley, Johnny Blood. "Slow down," Owney McManus had said, and for just a moment Rooney seemed to be slowed down and reflecting.

"The Steelers never had a more loyal fan than Owney," he said. "And I did much like beating him at pinochle. But more than that or winning the Kentucky Derby, I'd like to see the Steelers win an NFL championship. What a thing that would be for all of us who have waited patiently so long. Heaven knows that after 30 years we ought to have the law of averages working in our favor. Maybe if we had just some little extra spark of inspiration or—" He stopped and took his feet down off the desk.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "if a transfer back to Pittsburgh could be arranged for that reverend who brought us all the luck against the Giants—Jack Sle, the Episcopalian?" **END**

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A View of Skiers as a Subculture

by DAVID BOROFF

Skiing was once supposed—to be the sport of a heroic elite. In a simpler time, when rope tows creaked, the outdoor ideal was untarnished. "It was all fresh air during the day and singing in front of a fire at night," an oldtimer recalled. There were even those who, in Norse fashion, made long cross-country trips on skis. (This has become the fashion again.) But the dynamics of popular sport are irresistible. You start with a Spartan idyll, the sport catches on, and there is an inscapable expansion—and melancholy decline—into crowds, technology, mitich.

Ski operators are inclined to be impatient with elitist nostalgia. As the sport gains popularity, the facilities become more lavish—so lavish and so expensive that ever larger crowds become economically imperative. Mt. Snow has led the way with such peripheral things as outdoor swimming and indoor ice skating, saunas—and girl-watching for the predatory. Who has to ski?

Nearly everybody is the answer. For what saves skiing finally is a respect—amounting to reverence—for the sheer skill of the sport. No snobbery is fiercer than that of the *exh* skier. Skiers discuss refinements of technique and equipment with a passion and a minuteness that suggest scholars engaged in esoteric studies.

Technique snobbery is remorseless.

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Another system of snobbery has to do with where you ski. The farther you go, the more dash you have. The lower Catskills—Grossinger's, the Concord, Davos—are simply out of the question. Skiers love to boast about prodigies of driving that they perform ("We made Snowe in six and a half hours"), and the whole point of a ski weekend is to cram as much as possible into the weekend with the least amount of sleep. The ultimate refinement in this distance steepchase is the junket to Switzerland—"just for a few days of skiing"—to Châli or even to that final outpost, New Zealand.

The spirit in which you go also yields points in the status rat race. Skiing is big business today, but skiers like to maintain the illusion of a certain nonchalance—Renaissance Italians called it *sprezzatura*, a highly prized quality among courtiers.

The packing order

Low man on this totem pole is the square who makes arrangements to go on a packaged bus tour, a kind of grubby welfare state in which meals, lodging and instruction are written into the contract. Bus tours are scorned even by ski operators, a group notable for their magnanimity. The operators' quarrel with bus tours is that they carry their own ski instructors, who, allegedly, are uncertified. There are also recurrent reports of ungentlemanly drinking during the day. The package planners have the last word. They argue that skiers should be relieved of the anxieties of travel and lodging. The ski instructors, they insist, are often certified and have the advantage of knowing their students before they teach them. And in this fresh-air democracy, why shouldn't secretaries and salesmen take a crack at skiing?

One would expect that people who make their living from skiing would be free from the status nonsense. But they tend to be as hierarchical as their cus-

—continued

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A View of Skiers *continued*

tomers. The pecking order, in ascending order, is ski bum, ski patrolman and ski instructor. The ski bum is really a beatnik with a suntan and an implausible passion for skiing. He—or she—works part-time in a lodge in exchange for board and a season ski pass. He is often a college kid on the lam, a member of that army of restless students who take a semester or year off. Sometimes he is just out of school, determined to squeeze in a full season of skiing before graduate school or career closes in. Ski bums provide a touch of bohemia in a sport which is becoming big business. (There are even ski-bum entertainers whose job it is to sing folk songs in front of the line.) But, in the end, the Organization will be their undoing. Already, ski operators are nervous about the term ski bums. "Please call them lodge staff," a slope operator suggested primly.

Ski patrolmen, the medical corpsmen of the slopes, are the dray horses of the sport. Brightly costumed, with medical packs bulging around their middle, they maintain safety, take down the injured and make a final sweep of trails and slopes at the end of the day. They are the beefy cops of the ski area—steady, sturdy, utterly reliable.

But ski instructors are the glamour boys of the sport—the gods of the mountain. Handsomely attired (they must be good-looking and wear stretch pants), deeply tanned, highly visible, they are tirelessly pursued by women. And they must be available. They rotate at ski-lodge tables, they talk skiing in the evening and they must maintain an aura of manly vigor. Soon or late, they begin to believe the legends about themselves.

The reality underneath is somewhat less than glittering. Many ski instructors are just small-town boys who in the summer are prosaic cabinetmakers, construction workers or telephone linemen. Recently some professional types have been recruited—engineers, attorneys and nurses (among the women). Of course, there are the European ski instructors, for some of whom the role of gigolo-athlete comes easily. But European instructors are sometimes hired sight unseen—a chancy business. As a result, ski operators often settle for the kid next door. The result is winter head-turning and summer devaluation.

But even the glamorous winter season has its aspenites. Instructors are expected to turn up in fair weather and foul, in

continued

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A View of Skiers *continued*

sickness or in health. And there is a curious reversal of the sexual roles of male and female instructors. It is the men who are courted and petted and spoiled. They are the starlets of the slopes, and narcissism is a serious occupational hazard. The women, on the other hand, are like a cartoon version of wartime WACs—hard-bitten, tough, masculine.

If there is some ambiguity about the life of ski instructors, the ski towns too are not quite certain whether they are blessed or damned. Wilmington, Vt., near Mt. Snow, is not untypical. Years ago it drowned all winter and waited for a small flurry of summer tourists. Now it swings all winter and people say commiseratingly, "It must be dead here in the summer." And, along with the skiers, there has been a torrent of dollars. Nevertheless, all is not well. This old community, which has its origins in the 18th century, finds itself overrun. To many townspeople—flinty Vermonters all—the term skier means foreigner. The town likes the money but hates the people. Wee Moran, who runs a ski shop in Wilmington with a Vermonters' crotchiness, posted a sign that reads: "Your credit is not good here based on my experience in the past. If this does not apply to you, I am sure you will not be offended." And on a blackboard he is prone to write little homilies, e.g., "If you steal from a crook, you're a clever crook. But if you betray a trust, you're a damned fool."

As a symptom of change, Wilmington now has an authentic Greenwich Village type coffeehouse. The proprietor, Phil Cappy, is a singer and dancer with a passion for skiing. During the day, he is the hard-working, paid leader of the ski patrol at Haystack Mountain. Evenings he runs a small dormitory for skiers and sings folk songs in the cellar establishment. To some of the townsmen the coffeehouse is like a hint of Sodom or Babylon in its wicked heyday.

But these are merely the growing pains of a new sport. Skiing has emerged as one of the country's durable activities—esthetically gratifying, technically demanding and bracingly elemental.

The pure mystique of skiing was expressed by a young woman in New York, dark-haired and intricate of psyche: "I was sitting in a lodge feeling outside. And there were all these tall, handsome, blond skiers. And I had a longing for the blue-eyed and blond-haired." **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—At last, five weeks after the season started, **BOSTON** lost a game, 108-100 to the **Yerks** and then clinched victory by losing again, this time to the **Lakers**, 114-112. The Celtics had been unbeaten in 11 straight games and had won 18 in a row in Boston Garden before the back-to-back defeats. Despite their losing ways, they will hold a comfortable first-place lead in the East over **CINCINNATI**, which took their third of four **PHILADELPHIA** had a modest scoring streak, two straight—but lost **NEW YORK** but two more in a row as failed losing visits to **SEATTLE**. **LOS ANGELES** missed two games sking in the West by winning four, while second-place **ST. LOUIS** was losing one or more. In the east, the **Hawks**, won, 104-94 victory over the **Walters**, held **WASH. STATE**, the **Hawks**, 79-year-old captain and 10-time All-league forward, scored his 20,000th point, the most ever in the NBA. **BALTIMORE** dropped two, then beat the **Lakers** 127-119 as Jack Johnson and Walt Bellamy scored 31 points. **SAN FRANCISCO** defeated the **Yerks** 118-96 and **CHICAGO** beat **DETROIT** and **CHAMBERLAIN** scored 62 points while **DETROIT** won two for its new coach, Dave DeBussche.

BORING There was not action in Boston, but just west of **Reading**, **OSCAR BONAVI**, a 25-year-old heavy-weight from Boston Area, won his seventh fight in seven wins, a unanimous decision over Dick Wipperfurth. Bonnavi's 70-year-old trainer, Charles Goldstein, was content. "Our new champion," he said, "one more, and I'll call it quits." His first champion was Rocky Marciano.

FOOTBALL—NFL in a jarring, defensive battle **BALTIMORE** emerged as only one in Minnesota in the first game of the season. By caging the Vikings 17-0. The Colts trailed 14-0 in the final minutes, but John Unitas tossed a 27- and pass to Alex Hawkins in the end zone, and the Colts had their first straight victory, and a 35-point lead in the Western Division. **CAROL AGG** scored a four-point losing streak by defeating Los Angeles 38-24 and **SAN FRANCISCO**, with a host of rookies in the lineup, including George Masi, starting for the first time, upset Green Bay 24-14. **CLUBLAND** just about clinched the Eastern Division title with a 17-12 win over Detroit as James Brown won more than 1,000 yards for the week in eight games. He also scored two TDs and Leo Green scored three field goals. Second-place **MINNAPOLIS** won 38-10 and **NEW YORK** in a game slowed by rain and mud and fell 24-14 on **PHILADELPHIA**. **PHILADELPHIA** missed about of Dallas into the 3rd, beating the Cowboys 37-14 on June 19th's 35-yard touchdown pass to Pete Rebertus with little more than two minutes to go. Since **Washington** blew 100-0 over **DETROIT** (which began with 15) as **WASHINGTON** shut out Pittsburgh 38-0.

AL, Rule: Paddy won't get TD points to end **BOSTON** in a 36-28 scoreless-tied victory

over previously unbeaten **Buffalo**, the **Front Line** of **SAN DIEGO** won its sixth straight by defeating **Kansas City** 24-14 and **DETROIT** by 24-14. **DETROIT** won its first game, **DALLAS** and **DENVER** both in last place, scored their second victories of the season as the **Raiders** defeated **BOSTON** 28-10 and the **Redskins** routed **New York** 20-0.

In the opening games of Canada's Eastern and Western Conference finals, **OTTAWA** defeated **Hamilton** 3-1, and **BRITISH COLUMBIA** led **Calgary** 2-0.

GOLF—JOHN MERCER, a 3-foot, 6-inch, 110-pounder, and **DEXTER DANIELS**, a 6-foot 7-inch, 200-pounder, teamed to win the summer season's fourth hole, at Princeton, N.C. They beat John Lofgren and Calum Wallace-Simpson 2 and 1 in the final match.

BENESS RACING—Collier Farm's **RACE TIME**, 62, 70, took his 10th in a row, the \$123,001 **Cape Fear** at York. The professional colt, going to a fourth victory over Regan Harrier, giving Glen Harrier, the sophomore groomer who came for him, the best possible present on his 12nd birthday.

At Hollywood Park **EL MARI** (50-60) won a 10-length summer **Miami** Handicap in the \$15,000 **Florida** for the week's \$50,000 American Training Classic.

HOCKEY—Gordie Howe of **DETROIT** set a NHL record, played in the 1,000th game, made the 67th goal of his 11-year career, but they didn't help the Red Wings. The team lost two games and lost one before beating New York 6-2. **MONTREAL** won two and tied Boston 2-2 to move within a point of the Red Wings. **TORONTO** ended Detroit's megamatch streak with a 5-1 victory. **Los Angeles** made 30 saves on 31 shots by its former longtime teammate, but the Maple Leafs lost to the **Black Hawks** 4-2 and dropped straight. **NEW YORK** won two games and remained tied for fourth with **CHICAGO**, which lost three out of four. **MINNAPOLIS** won 6-0, but lost its last game of the season one win, two ties and only one defeat.

HORSE RACING—After four years of trying, **KELSO** 1st 60-80 finally won the \$150,000 Laurel International. Mrs. Richard W. Smith's gelding drove away to a 4½-length victory over Gun Bow and broke the American record for 150 miles on the stretch with a clocking of 2:21. In the \$100,000 **Golden State**, **Muriel** Years again Mrs. Mary Hest's **SADAIR** (52-60) in a 10-length win over Royal Garter (page 28).

Back gammon Champion **Charles Walker** went gambling at the **Rockford** hotel and bought **LA DOU-PHNE**, a 7-year-old **Princess** mare, for \$177,000. In the **CLUB**, a half sister to the 2-year-old champion, **Belle** 6-0, was knocked down by **Warner** 1st for \$125,000.

HORSE SHOW—**HELEN CABRELE**, a 3-year-old, 16½, **Ky** horsewoman, rode off with both saddles, horse championships at the National in Madison Square Garden. She achieved her unprecedented feat on **Five Decided** in the three-gated division and **Lugal Tender** in the five-gated.

MOTOR SPORTS—Not every girl has a jet rover, but **PALLA McRIPHY** was able to borrow one. The 20-year-old brunette took off on the **Bostonville Salt Flats** and set a women's land speed record (226.37 mph).

TENNIS—In an all-Australian final of the **Queensland** tournament in Brisbane, **HEIDI STIE** 1st, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4, and **MARGARET SMITH** beat **Louise Turner** in a 90-minute match, 11-8, 6-1.

TRACK & FIELD—Hooping to run a 2:30 mile this week, **PLERINNA** 1st, earned up an Auckland by beating the world's 1,000-meter record to 2:38.8.

MALPRACTICE—FOR SALE **SOVEREIGN**, England's latest jewel in the America's Cup. **Nathan Owen** Authority **Boeing** commissioned the yacht, he declared, "I shall apply the principles of modern business success to the challenge." Principles, was not enough. The challenge cost \$190,000. The asking price for America is \$41,000.

FIRE—**CHARLEY WOLF**, the chameleon but commonly known coach of **Detroit** **Pistons**.

HERB DON WATKINS, the last of the great paralympic of the **Pistons**, and **DAVE DEBUSH**, as the fifth coach, in seven years. DeBussche, only 34 and a child, won the **Chicago** **Walt** in the off season, will continue to play forward for the **Pistons** as well as coach.

HERB ALVIN DARR, 42, as a coach by the **Chicago** **Cubs**. The recently fired San Francisco **Giants** manager played for the **Cubs** in 1959 and 1960.

NAMER As the major league's most valuable pitcher, **JOHN** **CHANCE** of the **Los Angeles** **Angels**, the colored **Chance**, 29, won the **Cy Young** Award for leading the **Angels** in earned run average (1.61), slugging (.311) and complete games (31).

DIED **FRED HUTCHINSON**, 62, manager of the **Chicago** **Rais** from 1939 to 1946, former manager of the **Detroit** **Tigers** (1952-1954) and **St. Louis** **Cardinals** (1956-1959) and for 13 years a major league pitcher with **Detroit**, of cancer in his stomach. He 4-balls, grooved hard with a constantly evolving temper. He was one of the best-loved and most widely respected men in baseball.

CREDITS

22, 23—Art Shogren; 24, 25—Mike Smith; 26—James Davis; 27—Bill Smith; 28—Chris Jones; 29—Mike Smith; 30—Mike Smith; 31—Mike Smith; 32—Mike Smith; 33—Mike Smith; 34—Mike Smith; 35—Mike Smith; 36—Mike Smith; 37—Mike Smith; 38—Mike Smith; 39—Mike Smith; 40—Mike Smith; 41—Mike Smith; 42—Mike Smith; 43—Mike Smith; 44—Mike Smith; 45—Mike Smith; 46—Mike Smith; 47—Mike Smith; 48—Mike Smith; 49—Mike Smith; 50—Mike Smith; 51—Mike Smith; 52—Mike Smith; 53—Mike Smith; 54—Mike Smith; 55—Mike Smith; 56—Mike Smith; 57—Mike Smith; 58—Mike Smith; 59—Mike Smith; 60—Mike Smith; 61—Mike Smith; 62—Mike Smith; 63—Mike Smith; 64—Mike Smith; 65—Mike Smith; 66—Mike Smith; 67—Mike Smith; 68—Mike Smith; 69—Mike Smith; 70—Mike Smith; 71—Mike Smith; 72—Mike Smith; 73—Mike Smith; 74—Mike Smith; 75—Mike Smith; 76—Mike Smith; 77—Mike Smith; 78—Mike Smith; 79—Mike Smith; 80—Mike Smith; 81—Mike Smith; 82—Mike Smith; 83—Mike Smith; 84—Mike Smith; 85—Mike Smith; 86—Mike Smith; 87—Mike Smith; 88—Mike Smith; 89—Mike Smith; 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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

ON WITH THE GAME!

Sirs:

Ten Maule misses the point (*The Ball Game They Never Was*, Nov. 16). It is not who would win the NFL-AFL playoff game, it's the fact that the National League club owners have deprived millions of this great spectacular on the flimsy excuse that the American Football League is not in the same class. Who cares? Let's have the playoff in the true American tradition—and see how they play the game.

I'll pick Buffalo. Any takers?

THOMAS W. RICHEY

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Maybe the Bills would lose to the Colts, as has every NFL team so far this year, but Maule's article is unconvincing for the following reasons:

1) Minnesota, a team one year younger than the AFL, beat Baltimore their first time out, and nearly repeated.

2) Los Angeles is tied for second place in the NFL Western Division, although 13 rookies fill its roster.

The Vikings and Rams are, at best, comparable to the Bills in pro experience and yet are making their presence felt in the NFL. So would the Bills.

PAUL C. WEAVER

Hamburg, N.Y.

PAMIC BUTTON

Sirs:

I have been a devoted fan of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* since 1959, and never in that length of time have I read an article as well written as Bob Ottum's *The Pame A On Again* (Nov. 9). I live near the Boston area and go to the Celtic games every chance I get. Every word of Ottum's is true: when a member of another team goes to take a shot he looks twice to see if Russell is there. Most of the time he is, and the shot is blocked. It really is Russellphobia.

EDWARD M. PERRY JR.

Hinckley, Maine

Sirs:

Boston's Red Auerbach should light victory cigars for a long time to come. Russellphobia and Celticsphobia may demoralize opponents, as you say, but a thorough case of beriberi is what kills them. After all, what other NBA team can sport a second wife the likes of Naulls, Coons, Siegfried, Bonham and Haycock as well as consistently put six men in double figures every game?

PAUL FEIN

Longmeadow, Mass.

HOME OF THE BRAVES

Sirs:

Bravo for your *Bravara Battle of the Braves* (Nov. 2). If the Braves' owners can't operate in a good baseball town, obviously they should sell to local people who want to keep the franchise here. Few teams have been loved by their fans as are the Milwaukee Braves. If ever a team belonged anywhere the Braves belong in Milwaukee.

THOMAS BUCK

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

How can baseball afford this kind of public relations? A ludicrous legal maneuver to forestall another whimsical shifting of franchise. A move, not for the soundness and wisdom of it, but rather to pad the pockets of a few adventurers, while millions of the faithful lose their team and millions of new fans adjust their sucker labels.

This court activity might be heralding endless legal scenes with the very life of baseball at stake, and all because of the haphazard and permissive control that has existed in the past two decades of the sport. The game needs stern, autonomous officialdom, utterly objective, utterly independent of ownership, conscious of practicality and institutional goodwill. Something must be done, some firm stance must be taken before the courts board up the portals of our stadiums.

JOHN N. HILL

Los Angeles

THAT'S TEXAS

Sirs:

Your statement that Warren McVea is the first Negro to receive a football scholarship to a major Texas college is in error (*Warren McVea Went Thru Texas*, Nov. 9). Negroes have, for several years, been actively recruited by North Texas State, Texas Western and West Texas State, all of which compete in major-college circles in football and other sports. I might also mention that most of the state's so-called small colleges (including a majority of junior colleges) have integrated their athletic programs. Now it is virtually a truism that integration in the South has proceeded much more smoothly in the urban areas than in the little backwater towns, where public sentiment often gets out of hand. However, for some perverse reason which I do not pretend to understand, in the field of sports (in Texas, at least) this rule of thumb has been turned completely around. For example, East Texas State, situated in a small town in the middle of the state's most rabid segregation belt, has Negroes playing

continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

on its football team this year, while the University of Texas, a "community of scholars" of some 25,000 located in what I consider to be the Southwest's most sophisticated city, does not. Similarly, Texarkana Junior College, only a few miles from the borders of Arkansas and Louisiana, has integrated its athletic teams, while those of Texas Tech, which is in west Texas, where there are few Negroes and where integration of the public schools has long since been effected (in many cases, even before the 1954 Supreme Court decision), remain fly-white. Well, I don't know how to explain this, nor what it proves—except that it emphasizes the unpredictable and rather baffling nature of Texas character and institutions.

TIM LANE

Fort Worth

SPORTSMEN (CONT.)

Sirs:

Now that the Olympics are over and nominations are "open" for 1964 Sportsman of the Year, I would like to suggest that, while the athlete of the year is Peter Snell, the sportsman must be Mike Larabee. His overcoming the handicaps of supposed old age and a very real injury; his accomplishments (a tie for the 400-meter world record, a gold medal and that winning relay leg), and his spirit of winning for *fun*—all combine to proclaim Mike's excellence, in every sense of the word.

NORMAN OWEN

London, England

Sirs:

I wish to second Richard Haverland's nomination of Bill Bradley as Sportsman of the Year (19TH HOLE, Nov. 9). I once had the opportunity to meet Bill and, though he must encounter thousands of admirers like myself, he was just as interested in what I had to say as I was in meeting him.

JOHN POOLE

Exeter, N.H.

BOATLYNG OVER

Sirs:

In his marvelously inclusive indictment of the Army Engineers and the other Wreck-lamation Experts (*America down the Drain*, Nov. 16), Mr. Robert Boyle forgot to subpoena us yachtsmen for testimony. Yet there is not a one of us who has not at one time or another found his course blocked by a bridge built too low, too immobile, too thoughtlessly and too pompously in the name of progress. And, as if it were not bad enough that the bridges are there in the first place, the automobile clubs in seaboard state after state are now busy lobbying to make sure that, if the bridges are draw-bridges (by some oversight), the draws stay closed. Mr. Boyle, put that patch on your eye, seize that cutlass between your teeth,

continued

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front wheel drive



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4-speed stick shift, bucket seats



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racing-type disc brakes



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an absurdly modest price tag



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Humbug!



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19TH HOLE

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PETER SANDS

New York City

Sirs:

It has long been my contention that expensive fishways and fish-passage facilities for anadromous species around hydroelectric power dams on any river are a waste of funds: a sop to the public, so that dam builders can point to extravagant contraptions with pious mien and pretend that it isn't their fault that the river is barren. The Columbia, once the greatest of all chinook rivers, is the classic example. These stupid, uncooperative fish just don't appreciate the \$500 million the dam builders spent altering their river so that it cannot maintain them anymore even if ways should be found to transport them safely around high dams on the upriver spawning run and on the downriver migration to the sea. A dammed river is only a series of stagnant, warm layered half lakes—not cold, clean, rushing waters that the fish must have to thrive. Overlaid by Hanford's wastes (from coolers for the Atomic Energy Commission plant), impounded by power and irrigation dams in bewildering numbers throughout its entire course, sluggish and lifeless, the Columbia—except at its extreme headwaters across the Canadian line—is no longer a fisheries river, just a source of power.

What really gets me is the pretense that the river can be both. This is utterly dishonest—a lie to the people—in light of all the facts now known about the needs of salmon.

DOLLY CONNELLY

Bellingham, Wash.

GILDED LILIES

Sirs,

As I sat there reading Barbara La Fontaine's article about the Golden Door (*Girl Behind a Golden Door*, Nov. 2), I couldn't help thinking a bit ironically about what "delicious" torment many of our less privileged women would willingly submit ourselves to if we could afford it. Here we are in a wealthy land, rich enough to be a lumpy 20 pounds overweight but not rich enough to be indulged at the likes of the Golden Door. Common sense tells me I could clear my skin by washing it oftener and remembering to use even the few creams I have every night, and I could do deep-knee bends to pick up my 2-year-old's toys and lose a few inches. And I could lift my knees a little higher when I chase him into the house for his nap, and I could wear a sweat suit sweeping and dusting and mopping, though I doubt if I could find a pink one. But somehow it wouldn't be the same.

MRS. JOAN C. DARLEY

Los Angeles

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TIME & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020.

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2 "The weight had snagged on rocks beneath the surface. Impulsively, I volunteered to swing out and free it. What a mistake!"



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